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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE refusal of the Ethiopian corpse to be buried has upset the undertakers at Geneva. When it was first known that the Abyssinian delegation was coming to the Assembly, and, indeed, up to the last moment, the general expectation was that the Credentials Committee would have no great difficulty in excluding it. But the plans of the exclusionists—of whom the chief were the French and the British Governments—have been defeated by the pertinacity of Haile Selassie and his friends, and by the obstinate sympathy for them manifested by the smaller League States. On Tuesday, after a great deal of wrangling, we were told that the case was to be submitted to the Hague Court. On Wednesday there was a change of mind, and the Assembly, with a few dissentients, voted in favour of Abyssinia's admission—for the present session. The Italians are naturally in a nasty temper. They will send no delegation to the Assembly; they may refuse, it is thought, to take part in any Locarno talks; they may even withdraw from the League altogether. For our own part, however much we may rejoice in the unusual spectacle of the League making a stand for a principle, we should be happier if we could read into this episode any hope of the restoration of Abyssinia's independence—or even of the preservation of what little of it Mussolini has not yet filched.

The League and Its Problems

Nor are the Abyssinians the only troublers of harmony. Señor Alvarez del Vayo, the Spanish Foreign Minister, is at Geneva, complaining bitterly of the betrayal of his Government by the Powers. He threatens, it is said, to make a full exposure of the aid given to the rebels by Germany and Italy and Portugal. If he carries out that threat despite the efforts which are being made to keep him quiet, he will embarrass not two or three Governments, but all the score and more of them who are pledged to non-intervention. In this atmosphere of fear, suspicion and discussion, it would be absurd to look for immediate progress in the solution of the larger problems that face the League. A number of States have tabled their proposals for the reform of the Covenant; but there is no general agreement either on detail or on the main question of whether reform is to mean the strengthening of the Covenant or its emasculation. Nor, though the whole world is groaning under tariff and trade and currency restrictions, is there any prospect of economic and financial reform to-day or to-morrow. M. Blum's aspirations for a general settlement and disarmament are shared by

millions in every country, but a revival of the Disarmament Conference must be regarded in the present state of affairs as a Utopian project.

The War in Spain

The most serious fighting during the past week has been in and near Toledo. The Alcazar was reported to have fallen at last on Wednesday (though the report was almost immediately contradicted) after holding out for more than nine weeks against shells, dynamite, petrol and hunger. One of the most shocking things in the siege has been the refusal of the rebel garrison to let the women and children out. And the nadir of journalism has been reached by the *Daily Mail*, whose leading article last Saturday began thus: "Crazed with the creed of Bolshevism, without pity, without mercy to women and children, the Reds in Spain have blown to destruction the famous Alcazar"—and this though it knew, and had reported the fact in its own pages, that the Government commanders had done all they could to get the women and children evacuated. On Tuesday the rebels succeeded in taking the strongly fortified the town Maqueda, to the north-west of Toledo, and they are pushing on thence towards Madrid. Reinforcements have been rushed up to stem the advance on the capital, which is now undeniably in great danger. The rebels are well provided, as the Government are not, with artillery, tanks and aeroplanes. On other fronts there has been no decisive action. In the north-west the rebels are in a superior position and their pressure on Bilbao is increasing. But the Basque Nationalists have rejected General Mola's demand for the surrender of the town, and declare that they will join with the Anarchists and Socialists in its defence.

M. Blum's Problems

The French Government is succeeding in settling the graver stay-in strikes in major industries, but sporadic outbreaks continue, both in the textile and metallurgical industries, in centres as far apart as Lyons and Tunis. In many cases the employers, unaccustomed to any regular system of negotiation, seem to have provoked them by non-observance of the principles laid down in the general legislative settlement. But the agreement reached in Lille through M. Blum's personal intervention marks an advance to the normal running of a great industry. The workers secure an increase of 6 per cent. in wages, with the prospect of a further increase should the cost of living rise, while the conditions for future negotiations, in which both the shop-stewards and the Union officials will participate, are clearly laid down. On the other hand, the workers have given an undertaking to abandon the method of the stay-in strike. The dispute in the Vosges textile industry is also in a fair way to settlement. While the industrial outlook improves, the financial situation is still very serious. The yield of the issue of the so-called "baby bonds" (short term Treasury bonds of small denominations) has been disappointing. Designed to stop hoarding, and to pay back the Government's indebtedness to the Bank of France, they have realised only about £53,000,000, which is less than half the expected total. Gold meanwhile has continued to pour out of Paris and, following the consultations of Ministers on Wednesday, rumour was busy with the plans of the Government. One said that a "snap" devaluation of the franc was imminent, another that there was to be an embargo on the export of gold. We can only wait and see.

Socialist Victories in Scandinavia

Social democracy is still in the ascendant in Scandinavia. Last June, Hr. Hansson's Socialist Government was forced to resign, as a result of its farmer allies refusing to support a project for higher taxation of the rich. But the general election this week has gone in favour of the Left. The Social Democrats have won enough seats to give them a working majority even without the Communists' support. The Agrarian Ministry, which has been in office for the past two or three months, has resigned, and it is expected that Hr. Hansson will form a Socialist Cabinet within the next few days. In Denmark the Government, a Socialist-Radical coalition, wanted three seats to give it a bare majority in the Upper House. Two of these it won at the elections last week; in the island of Bornholm there was a tie. The Constitution provides that in such a case the contest shall be decided by lot. The Chairman of the Council of Bornholm accordingly put the names of two rival candidates in an urn, and drew out that of the Social Democrat. This piece of luck may mean the end of the Upper Chamber; its abolition has long been one of the declared aims of the Government.

The Indian Outlook

Lord Linlithgow has made to the Delhi Assembly one of the most notable speeches that any Viceroy has delivered in recent times. Its tone was liberal, and it dwelt on the "majestic scope" and "splendid vision" of the new Constitution. By way of commentary the Congress Party boycotted the Assembly. If that seems an ungracious attitude towards a Viceroy who uses generous and conciliatory language, one must remember that this Constitution was imposed, and that its Federal system hands India over to the rule of the autocratic Princes and of a propertied oligarchy. Lord Linlithgow anticipated the early erection of this Federal structure, and little further delay is expected before the Princes accept it in sufficient numbers. The Viceroy's speech foreshadowed legislation on the lines of the Sapru Report to deal with middle-class unemployment. He is also creating a Public Health Advisory Board to co-ordinate the work of the Centre and the Provinces, especially in questions of nutrition.

Prison Statistics

The Howard League for Penal Reform has appealed to the delegates at the League of Nations Assembly to persuade their Governments to show a greater willingness in supplying prison statistics. It is hoped by this method to make prison methods throughout the world more uniform. The need for such an appeal is strikingly emphasised by the statistics already collected by the Howard League. According to these figures, the size of the prison population per 100,000 of the total population is taken as the basis of comparison between different countries. The figure for England is 29.9, for Scotland 26.7 and for the Irish Free State 19.4. For France, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland and Belgium the figures range from between 40 and 60. In the dictatorship

countries the statistics show an astonishing rise. For Austria the figure is 104.9, for Italy 126.4, for Poland 150.7 and for Germany 156.9. (The Soviet Union is amongst those States which have not supplied any figures.) These estimates, moreover, do not include prisoners in concentration camps. In most of the African colonies the figure exceeds the hundred mark, and in Sierra Leone and Southern Rhodesia it is 383.7 and 234.1 respectively. Even such partial figures as are now available therefore reveal clearly that the prison population is highest in those countries where racial and political prejudice has been exalted into a principle of government.

The Weavers' Claim

The Conciliation Committee of the Lancashire cotton-weaving industry was to have met this week to consider the weavers' claims for an increase in wage rates of 15 per cent. and a minimum wage of 7½*d.* an hour; but it has been postponed owing to the continuance of the strike at Skipton. The Employers' Association is using the failure of the Weavers' Amalgamation to control one of its district organisations as an excuse for holding up the wage machinery throughout the industry. Since the employers themselves have not always succeeded in enforcing the legalised standard rate in all the districts, this excuse is hardly likely to be accepted by the operatives. Such an attitude will lend colour to their belief that the Skipton dispute might already have been settled had not the employers wished to exploit it in order to prevent the general wage claim from being heard. According to the February census the average earnings amongst all classes of weavers is £1 11*s.* 6*d.* As compared with other industries this means a high rate for women, but an exceptionally low rate for men. The average hourly rate for men is in fact below that prevailing in the Trade Board industries. An increase in rates for men might enable married women to be withdrawn from the industry and might so help to diminish the growing labour surplus. Under-employment is also a serious cause of unrest throughout the industry, and this might be checked by some concession to the weavers' demand for an hourly minimum.

Motoring Offences

The circular just issued by the Home Office shows big variations in the treatment of motoring offences by local magistrates, and urges them to take steps to make their practice conform more closely with the intentions of Parliament. The Road Traffic Acts require suspension and endorsement of licences for specified offences. For driving under the influence of drink and for failure to insure, exemption from disqualification from holding a licence may only be granted for special reasons. For driving recklessly disqualification is at the discretion of the court on a first conviction, but is afterwards obligatory unless there is a special reason. Local magistrates have obviously placed widely different interpretations upon these provisions. In the case of driving under the influence of drink the highest percentage of disqualifications in any district was 91 and the lowest 36. For driving recklessly the highest percentage was 65 and the lowest 15. Endorsements for careless driving showed a similar variation. The highest percentage of endorsements was 96, while one court found a special reason for not endorsing in every case. Such discrepancies can only be due to the exaggerated view taken by many magistrates of their discretionary powers. The recent Road Census showed that it was precisely such offences as these which were the main cause of road accidents, and any attempt to regularise the administration of the law will be widely welcomed.

The Fascists and the Jews

Mr. Arnold Leese, contributor to the journal *Fascist*, has been sentenced at the Old Bailey to six months' imprisonment for being concerned in the printing and publishing of libellous statements against the Jews. The sentence sounds heavy, but it was hardly excessive in view of the fact that the defendant had been guilty of resurrecting, among other things, the old "ritual" lie which did good service in the blackest days of Tsarist tyranny. Leese is not a follower of Sir Oswald Mosley; he regards the incursion of Sir Oswald into the field as a disaster for the British Fascist movement. Their differences, however, must be ideological, for Leese could scarcely fail to approve the poisonous effect which Sir Oswald's anti-Semitic propaganda is able to achieve in certain quarters. All the evidence seems to show that the Blackshirts' energies are being concentrated on those areas such as Manchester, Leeds and the East End of London, where there are large Jewish populations. In the East End anti-Semitism has become the major topic of political discussion. In the provinces the Fascist technique is to import every available Blackshirt from far and near and impress the gullible natives with the strength of the organisation. The effect of such demonstrations could be killed by a ban on political uniforms and military displays. Is this really too heavy a price to pay for the stultification of our British-born Streichers?

Public and Private Interests

A further stage has now been reached in the South London gas war by the blank refusal of the South Metropolitan Gas Company to consider any postponement of the introduction of their new scale of charges. The letter in reply to an inquiry from the L.C.C. states that a failure to introduce the new tariff would involve the Company in considerable inconvenience and expense. This reply must be considered conclusive. The fact that the new tariff will involve the Company's consumers in considerable inconvenience and expense is, of course, not the Company's business. According to the sacred laws of private enterprise the Company is on firm ground. But another doctrine is obtruding itself in Camberwell, Deptford and elsewhere—the simple doctrine that the gas supply is a form of public service and that its suppliers' first concern should be the community's interests. Even Tory M.P.s and Councillors have to consider the views of their constituents, and the storm of protest has grown in volume day by day. The right solution would be to transfer the powers and duties of the Company to a public authority, as the Camberwell Borough Council has suggested. But the present Parliament is not likely to take such a step as that.

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LABOUR AND REARMAMENT

THE knowledge that the executive of the Labour Party is preparing to revise its attitude towards rearmament is widely shared. No one can predict the precise form in which its resolution for the Edinburgh Conference will emerge from the drafting committee, or from the debates of the Conference itself. It would be rash and unfair to assume that the Trade Unionist Right Wing which took the initiative in demanding this revision will carry everything before it. The tradition of the Party is to avoid splits, and the leaders of the Right must know that on this question it would be easy to provoke a schism. At this stage we are not concerned with the more or less ingenious compromise that may be evolved; we can discuss only the tendency disclosed in the powerful impulse towards a reorientation of policy.

The Right Wing has been nettled and embarrassed by the retort of the Government to Labour's calls for a stronger policy abroad, more especially in the Abyssinian affair. It demanded measures that entailed some risk. Mussolini did openly threaten naval and aerial attack, if the League should impose any sanctions likely to take prompt effect in checking his African war. It follows, then, that a strong League policy demands adequate armaments—armaments so formidable that no defiant Dictator will henceforth dare to challenge them. These the Government has set out to create. With what logic, then, can the Opposition resist the necessary preliminaries for the effective application of its own policy?

Starting from this experience, the Right Wing has generalised the whole case for rearmament. Admittedly the democratic and Socialist Powers, who regard themselves as the backbone of the League, have behind them a long record of unbroken retreat—before Japan, before Hitler in his two major breaches of the Versailles Treaty, before Mussolini in his African adventure, and finally (though the League has yet taken no notice of this affair), before both the Fascist Dictators in the Spanish civil war. The Right appears now to accept the excuse that in all these crises the British Government was weak, and the League consequently ineffective, because it had allowed its armaments to become relatively inadequate. Some of its spokesmen, notably Sir Walter Citrine, have invited it to rely for this purpose on the wholehearted collaboration of the Trades Union Congress, and have suggested negotiations for this end between its headquarters and the Government. The atmosphere of some of these speeches is that of 1914 and the *union sacrée*. They suggest an ardent desire to rally behind this Government of the propertied class in a great effort to rearm the nation "for the defence of democracy." Certain stipulations are, of course, made in offering this help in munition work and recruiting. Any war that Labour backs must, of course, be a League war. To this the abler heads of the political movement will doubtless add other conditions. The Soviet Union must not be left out of the general system of collective security. The hope of an agreed reduction of armaments must not be abandoned. It would be easy to multiply such stipulations indefinitely, and equally easy for orators capable of such a masterpiece as Sir Samuel Hoare's oration of last September at Geneva to satisfy them with aplomb.

To this argument the Labour Party knows the answer; its own leaders and its own press have been repeating it for many years. It is doubtless true that the Government's management of the fighting services has been as inefficient as it has been costly; this it ought to amend. But before we assented to any great quantitative increase in the name of "collective security" we should ask for some review of the joint resources of the Powers assumed to be loyal to this idea, preparatory to the pooling and co-ordination of these resources. That, however, is an aside. The real answer is that we flatly refuse to believe that it was any deficiency in British armaments that accounted for those weaknesses and failures. In the Manchurian affair can anyone doubt that Sir John Simon and most of the governing class were actively sympathetic to Japan? The Tory press was frank, and if any doubt remains, Mr. Stimson's book would be decisive. The responsibility for Hitler's decision to rearm must be divided between the British and French Governments, which could never make up their minds to equality, either on the Versailles or on some higher level. The weakness over the Rhineland was certainly not due to any military deficiency. Hitler's army was not at that moment adequate for a victorious defence; the causes of this weakness were an uneasy conscience over the Versailles Treaty itself, and the resentment over the Abyssinian affair that divided London from Paris. Again, in that miserable business, does Labour's Right Wing really believe (if it takes Mussolini's bluff seriously) that the British fleet was incapable of meeting that of this second-rate naval Power, even if it had had to fight alone? But it knows too much and has said too much to swallow this humiliating explanation. Has it forgotten the Maffey documents, which proved that throughout the affair the Foreign Office was thinking in terms of the infamous treaties of partition; the Hoare-Laval terms were its solution even before Italy went to war.

The Spanish civil war furnishes the last and most decisive test of this thesis of military weakness. The Labour Party has in its official communications stated the essentials of the case as we ourselves see them. It has proclaimed its "sympathy" and "admiration" for the half-armed Spanish workers who are defending the Republic. It has agreed that by every usage of international life the Spanish Government has the right to purchase arms abroad. It knows that under international law, as the precedents of the American Civil War established, it is a wrong punishable by heavy indemnities to supply rebels against a friendly and recognised Government with arms. None the less, it has agreed to barter away the right of its admired friends, if in return the Fascist Powers desist from the wrong they had committed in aiding the rebels. Such a bargain strikes at some of the most important conventions of any civilised international society. It might be a pardonable compromise if it exposed our friends and the Labour Party's comrades to no grave material injury. But, in fact, the bargain was so timed that the Fascist Powers were able to pour in munitions and war-planes for the rebels for some six weeks, whereas the democratic Powers "led the way" by imposing their embargo from the start. Even this is not the worst, for as the Labour Party well knows and has stated, the road through Portugal to the rebel lines remains open to this day. Apart from the known deliveries of planes and arms via Morocco, Lisbon and Vigo, which

went on up to the last day of August, when the Italian embargo nominally came into force, there is definite news of the arrival in the region of Caceres of another eighteen war-planes by way of Portugal during September. Fragmentary and unreliable though the news from the scattered battle-fronts may be, the trend of it all is the same; the rebels may lack men, but they have all the planes, the guns and the munitions they can use; the Government forces, on the other hand, suffer reverses and delays from no lack of gallantry, but because they lack planes and artillery, and are even short of ammunition for the insufficient number of rifles they possess. The effect, then, of this one-sided policy of neutrality which the Labour Party has supported may very well be the defeat of the Spanish democrats and of its Socialist comrades, followed by such a massacre as crushed the French Left for a generation after the Paris Commune.

Again we are offered the same excuse. If the Spanish Government were allowed to exercise its customary right to buy arms in London or Paris, we might be involved in war with Italy and Germany. In any event, it is said, it was the French Government under a Socialist Premier that took the initiative in proposing this dubious neutrality. This latter point is a mischievous half-truth. If the French Government took this action, it did so only after it had first inquired in London whether it could count on British support should it, by following the normal practice towards Madrid, incur the risk of war. The answer was a flat negative. Note that in this case no open threat of war has come either from Rome or Berlin. On this occasion the Dictators have used no public menace, as Mussolini did in the Abyssinian affair. Then Labour was not intimidated, did not accept the excuse of our naval inferiority, and went on calling for an embargo on oil. To-day it tamely follows Downing Street, and flees when no man pursues or even threatens to pursue. In a breath it supports this Government, and nails its own flag to the mast of "collective security." But was the National Government true to collective security when it declined in advance to stand by France if she should be attacked for maintaining customary relations with the sister Republic of Spain? There would be no risk of war in this affair, and there would have been none over Abyssinia, if the three great Powers that profess belief in the idea of collective security stood together, in action and in sympathy, in a close bond of solidarity.

Why these three do not so stand together the Labour Party knows as well as we do. The defaulting, the hesitating partner in this bond is Britain under its National Government. It defaults, and hesitates and straddles the trenches, because it is wholehearted neither for the League idea nor yet for democracy. The Labour Party knows its world well enough to guess, if it has no positive information, that this policy of one-way neutrality is working out pretty much as a powerful section of the propertied class in this island would wish it to work out. In effect it penalises that one of "the two factions" (to use Sir Samuel Hoare's phrase) with which the Foreign Office and the City have the less affinity. We do not suppose that the English governing class admires Spanish clerico-militarism as the Labour Party admires the Spanish workers, but if it had to choose it would on the whole prefer to see any brand of propertied conservatism victorious rather than a People's Front sustained by Socialist votes and rifles. The Right Wing is naive if it really supposes that any addition to the military resources of this Government would markedly change its sympathies. No number of tanks or battleships will make it a loyal friend of democracy, a trusty defender of the League, or an ardent ally of Socialists, whether in France, Russia or Spain. We do Transport House the honour of believing that it will go on nagging in Downing Street over Portugal as it used to nag over oil; but equally we credit the Foreign Office with a technique adequate to cope with this minor nuisance.

No; if Labour's Right Wing wants to arm to defend democracy and combat Fascism, it is girding a sharp sword on the wrong loins. If it trusts this Government to serve these causes after the record that lies before us, it is bartering for a share in the fleeting prosperity of rearmament every ideal and even every counsel of prudence for which the Labour Movement has stood. It may again live through the fraternal and patriotic experiences of 1914, and again wake up to realise that it has helped to win another Versailles Peace. For if this National Government should use these armaments, it will not be to fight Fascism; it will be to destroy a rival Imperialism that threatens it own.

THE STRATEGY OF THE GERMAN ATTACK ON THE U.S.S.R.—II

[This second article contains further extracts from Mr. Henri's book *Hitler Over Russia*, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Dent, and in which German plans for war against the U.S.S.R. and their expected defeat are discussed in full detail.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WHAT, according to the German plan of operations, is the task of the *right wing* of the Crusade Army, that in the south, which meanwhile is extended on a front of 530 miles in the Ukraine and on the Black Sea? Here, too, as in White Russia, the army of Hitler's Polish allies, so long as it is on its own, could only occupy in the main a defensive position against the many times superior Soviet army, and endeavour at all costs to hold the front. To expect any other tactics in this initial period—for instance, an immediate Polish general offensive in the direction of the Dniepr—would (apart from diversion manoeuvres) be a mistake in view of the existing ratio of forces. But this defensive would only be the introduction to an offensive, which is to take place here, too, on the southern right wing, so soon as the condition for it has been fulfilled: the *formation on the Danube* and the march down the Danube of the *Second Fascist Army* against the Soviet Union, composed of all those Nazi allies in south-east Europe which already now are working for Hitler politically and which the moment war breaks out will at once begin to operate for him militarily. Defined in brief: the Army of the "South-East Fascist League." The moment when war breaks out, and when the German divisions in Saxony and Bavaria cross the Czech and the Austrian frontier, the following may occur with almost automatic precision. The Austrian Nazis rise in Vienna, in the Steirmark and in the Tyrol. The Bohemian Nazis of Hénlein's "Heimat Front" rise in northern Czechoslovakia and march on Prague, which on the other side, from the south, is attacked by the Hungarian divisions of Gömbös and Horthy, allied with Germany. The Rumanian Fascists come forward in Bucharest and, with the support of Court and army circles, demand adhesion to the new reactionary Danubian Entente. Machines from the aerodromes of Dresden and Budapest assist this process. And the whole thing means militarily nothing other than the *re-establishment in a new form of the former Austro-Hungarian army*, once more allied with Germany and once more effective for Germany in the southern sector of Europe. And then this army, as if resurrected from the ashes

of 1918, of St. Germain and Trianon, gets on the march: thither, where it stood once before in 1914–18, to start the attack on the Ukraine. So simply, when translated into military terms, can the whole seeming political confusion reigning in the Danubian zone be explained in the main even to-day. The army of some new Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorff, who this time will be merely one of Hitler's subordinate officers, will once again attempt to storm Kiev: in order to occupy the great Ukrainian grain zone, to paralyse the Russian Black Sea fleet, to set up a Government of separatist Ukrainian Fascism (as in Leningrad), to threaten the Russian coal centre in the Don Basin and the Russian oil centre in the Caucasus; in sum—in order to drive a wedge into the Soviet Union, already attacked in the north, from the south as well! That is the plan for the right wing of the crusade. And since this time, unlike 1914–17, this army is to be reinforced by twenty-five to thirty Polish divisions (the entire Polish military forces number about fifty to sixty divisions; the remainder must be in White Russia), it hopes that its attack will be more powerful than ever. If it is not successful, then to be sure the shape of things might radically alter and the perspective of a Fascist march of triumph on Kiev turns into the perspective of a popular Socialist and progressive uprising on the Danube against the war-mongers. If, however, it should be successful, then the two wedges aimed at the flanks of the Soviet power, Leningrad and Kiev, are intended to convulse the heart of this power, Moscow.

Thus, gradually and with plastic distinctness, the chief military outlines of this "neo-Napoleonic" plan, which is intended to kill the country of 175 million Socialists and of eight and a quarter million square miles, becomes defined. It is a plan for *two* large-scale operations, two mighty Fascist campaigns from the Vistula–Danube line to the Dvina–Dnieper line: the decisive, most intensive, tempestuous offensive of the left wing in the north, leaning on the Baltic Sea; the secondary, later offensive of the right wing in the south, aimed at the Black Sea; and a combined, balancing movement in the centre. This disposition only slightly recalls Napoleon's similar conception of 1812, which foresaw a secondary march by the left wing of the "Grande Armée" (Marshal Macdonald and the Prussian Corps) against the Baltic, a secondary march by the right wing (Prince Schwarzenberg and the Austrian Corps) to South Russia, and the main operation, under Napoleon himself and with French forces, in the centre—against Warsaw, Smolensk, and Moscow. But the strategic plan of the "Grande Armée" of 193? is no accident, no arbitrary combination devised by some military theorist in the German Ministry of War. It corresponds with the map and the disposition of dying European capitalism of to-day. It corresponds, with its two operations, on the one hand with the economic and political dynamic of German imperialism (being the centre motive power), on the other hand with the grouping of the Fascist forces in Europe. At the same time, however, it is founded on a fatal error: a decisive misjudgment of the military strength of the Soviet Union, a confusion of her purely geographical strategic map with the real military and political power inwardly filling this map. . . . Once Leningrad is occupied, the further direct route to Moscow will, it is calculated, lie open from there, straight along the October Railway (the former Nicolai Railway), a distance of about 375 miles, interrupted by no large river or other natural obstacle. The German army coming from Leningrad would first advance 185 miles in the direction of the railway point of Bologoje, half-way to Moscow, establish a combined front with the Polish army, which in the meantime (after the supposed retreat of the Red Army in the north) has reached Smolensk, and thus seize Moscow from the east in a vice at a relatively short distance (roughly 200 miles). This, however, is part of the second phase of the whole plan, the third phase of which is Hitler's entry into the Kremlin. We do not intend here to carry the analysis of modern German strategy and of the crusade-mysticism that far. The attack on Leningrad and Kiev is at any rate a fully mature problem. The practical preparations for these two operations are far advanced and they are not being suspended for one moment.

What are to be the conditions of the "second Brest-Litovsk," the immediate, *initial* results of the crusade in the East according to Nazi dreams? They are already to be read frequently in the Fascist—and not solely in the German-Fascist—press. Their essence is the setting up of a new *Eastern European Empire of Germany*, stretching from the White Sea in the north straight down through Russia to the Sea of Azov in the south, embracing a part of north Russia, Leningrad (new headquarters of the revived "Baltic Order"!), White Russia, the Ukraine, and the district of the Don; together nearly half of the present European Russia, which is either to be directly incorporated in the Third Reich, or placed under the nominal rule of various German vassals (Baltic Order, Finland, Poland of the "Colonels," Ukrainian Fascists, etc.). Of the other half, the Caucasus is to be handed over to the Georgian, Tartar, and other separatist Fascists (intimate old friends of the General Hoffmann-Rosenberg circle), which means that in practice it also comes under German control; while certain other "zones" and "influences" are apparently still being reserved for Britain, besides "interests" in Russian Central Asia. Siberia comes under a protectorate of Japan, the Asiatic partner in the "crusade," and her buffer States. What is then left of Russia is, according to the Hoffmann-Hitler plan, to be limited to the narrow area between Moscow and the Urals, and there, as a new State, the old "*Moscovia*" is to be restored. Here, then, by the grace of the grand-master is a Russian-Fascist government to rule, whose chief activity would consist in the extermination of the remnants of Communism, using Göring's system, and the bestowal of orders and concessions on German firms. The "Ethiopisation" of Eastern Europe has been accomplished and the new empire of Caesar Hitler from the Rhine to Central Asia established. *And then the Fascist armies set out on the return march: to the West.*

With that everything has really been said. The monstrous political and military fraud which Hitler is perpetrating with the formula of a special "Eastern Strategy" becomes fully apparent. *There is no separate "Eastern Strategy" and "Western Strategy" for German Fascism.* There is only the first and second stage in the set order of the attack as a whole, wherein the first stage makes the second possible and certain; that two-sided problem which, before 1914, Bismarck and Schlieffen decided by selecting the West as the "first" stage (main attack Paris!), and which to-day Hitler and Göring have decided just the other way round—initial thrust Moscow.

These armies, which will return after occupying the Soviet Union and the East (always in accordance with the Nazi plan), which will have conquered a country of 175,000,000 inhabitants, the sixth part of the earth, and even before that, during the "transit march," will have subdued also northern Europe and Danubian Europe—these armies, after their return, will encounter no more adversaries in the west. They are destined to expand over the entire continent. It will be, and this time literally, a new Hun invasion; everything in its path will be mowed down. What could France do against an army which, back on the Rhine, will have with it millions and millions of fresh conscripted soldiers from eastern and southern Europe, exactly as in 1814, when the combined forces of German, Russian and Austrian reaction crushed France militarily and marched into Paris? What could Italy do, once the south Fascist army, with Danubian Europe completely conquered, in its rear, appears on the Brenner and by Trieste? There will no longer be an Austria, a Czechoslovakia, a Little Entente; only sections of the onward-rolling Germano-Fascist mass. What could Britain do, if Göring's huge air-fleet, two-thirds of the continent under its control, squadrons and auxiliary bases in all corners of Europe, were to appear over the tiny island? And what could they all do together, these remnants of proud western European democracy, these founders of the pacifist League of Nations and saviours of Abyssinia, if, after the success of Germany's "isolated" Eastern plan, they were

to face a trans-continental empire mightier than has ever been known before, truly another Rome, with all the human, technical, economic and military resources of a territory on this scale, with raw materials from Russia, and with such allies in Asia as the new Pan-Asiatic Empire of Japan? For between the North Sea and the Pacific only these two empires will be left after the "victory in the East," and their armies will meet at the Urals! Who can believe that these two empires, already now closely allied and carrying out their plans in common, will *then*, after a victory *like this*, subside into pacifism and greet Britain and France with a brotherly embrace?

No, the embrace in the West will come, but it will not be pleasant. For the military perspective which, after the success of the "Eastern Plan," would be open in the West to the authors of this plan—this perspective would then be *truly Napoleonic*. Here is the final idea of General Hoffmann, and this idea is in its way correct. Napoleonism in relation to Russia—that is rubbish. But Napoleonism in relation to the West, *if* Russia really could be beaten and conquered—that is sober military reality, and no thinking man, let alone a military expert, can overlook it. The two Fascist armies of the East, plus conquered Moscow, mean a new Napoleonic invasion for the rest of Europe; as sure as two and two make four. It is of *this* that Hitler is thinking when he solemnly and emotionally disclaims all intentions of "aggression in the West." It was for this that General Hoffmann, who was only crazy on one side of his brain, lived and died. ERNST HENRI

A LONDON DIARY

MR. SEYMOUR COCKS, M.P., and his colleagues have just returned from Madrid. They confirm what we already knew and add some new details. The Spanish Government is crying out for help and cannot understand why it is refused by France and England; the rebels have about twelve aeroplanes to every Government machine; Franco is hastening his attack because, with the great majority of the population against him and all the weapons he can possibly need, his best hope is in a spectacular and terrorising attack. He is now reported to have issued gas masks to his men and is expected to try gas as a preliminary to storming the next strong positions. (This may not be true; an earlier report that the Government was going to use gas was false, but then the Government has the masses on its side, which may make all the difference.) The evidence of M. Koestler, the competent French journalist who has been interviewing the rebel generals, shows that they have no constructive ideas in their minds. Challenged about what they would do in trying to occupy a wholly hostile area, they said that they would shoot the entire working-class male population. The first-hand evidence produced by journalists and others before the Committee that is inquiring into Portugal's part in the war crosses a number of t's and dots several important i's. We now have the names of the hotels in Lisbon which have been used as the rebel headquarters, and we know who a number of the Nazis are who are working there with the Spanish Fascists. When Mr. Lloyd George and other well-meaning people say that Hitler has only peaceful intentions, I do want to remind them that Nazi aeroplanes are now bombing the Spanish population, Nazi experts advising in the campaign, and that we know in considerable detail from the captured documents how far Nazi propaganda prepared the way for the military rebellion. I quite understand why so many people won't pay attention to these European horrors. They are so ghastly and so close that our instinct is to say that they are not our concern. Meanwhile, Sir Samuel Hoare has been inspecting our defences in the Mediterranean and says that whatever happens as a result of the faction fight now going on in Spain, Britain will still rule the waves in the Mediterranean. We are quite ready to fight a war for Malta or Cyprus.

* * *

I think the *News Chronicle* was a little hasty in talking about some of the Trade Union leaders wanting to join a National Government. But the tendency of their policy is certainly in that direction and I am glad to see that Mr. Morrison is having the courage and the clear sight to warn the Labour Party both in articles and in speeches of the danger that it may be manoeuvred on the armament issue into a position which really amounts to unqualified support of its nominal opponents. At the Edinburgh Party Conference which begins at the end of next week we shall, of course, have a formal condemnation of the Government's foreign policy and an appeal for a League of Peaceful States. After that, if Labour obeyed its own past declarations, would come a refusal of any kind of support to a Government which had played so large a part in destroying the collective system. Instead of that, if the platform gets its way, we shall have a lot about the necessity to rearm against Fascism—an argument which would be convincing if it were not that British policy is rather pro-Fascist than the contrary. Labour has, I think, been bamboozled about Spain. It has been told that "non-intervention" was a policy freely initiated by Blum's Government. But in a very difficult situation the decisive factor was, I believe, the attitude of the British Foreign Office, which from the beginning told the French that it would not support it if helping Spain led to difficulties. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* said on July 27th that the fear of compromising Franco-British relations was one of the principal considerations that decided the Blum Cabinet in favour of non-intervention. On September 13th the French Foreign Minister, M. Delbos, gave a strong hint that, in addition to other reasons for not raising the embargo, it would not have the approval of "friendly nations." Reports are constantly coming through of the intervention of Sir George Clark and the British authorities to prevent driblets of munitions crossing the frontier to help the Spanish Government. The *Manchester Guardian* correspondent goes so far as to say that the French have been under constant British surveillance and pressure. Non-intervention in practice always means helping the more determined and resolute Fascist Powers. If the Labour Party now believe in semi-isolation let them change round and say so. What I object to is the support of such a policy on the pretence that it is something to do with collective security.

* * *

I have now read the defence of the Trotsky-Zinoviev trial. It is not a verbatim report, but it seems full enough. I remain quite bewildered. The cumulative effect of all these confessions fitting into each other and of the cross-examination based on them is to make one think that there was a plot of some kind. But what do you make of this kind of dialogue? Vyshinsky asks Kamenev whether he was guilty of "deception."

K. No, worse than deception.

V. Perfidy?

K. Worse.

V. Worse than deception, worse than perfidy—find the word. Treason?

K. You have found it.

Does this read as anything but a ghastly farce?

* * *

One explanation advanced is the supposedly masochistic element in the Russian character. I never take much notice of any argument based on national character. But I advise people who want to investigate this point fully to read Maurice Hindus's *Under Moscow Skies*. Anyone who was in the U.S.S.R. between 1930 and 1933 will find himself exclaiming, "Yes, that is just how Russia was then." Here is the passionate admiration for all forms of Western technique, an equally passionate conviction that all Western workers live in fear and squalor; here is the contrast between the social services of the G.P.U. and its terrifying secret service, accepted, all the same, calmly and fatalistically as part of the eternal order of things by everyone of proletarian origin and proletarian sympathy. Hindus describes the cleaning up of an inefficient textile factory and the pillorying of a komsomol for deserting his post in order to search for his lost girl. He shows that the arbitrary violence of revolutionary justice is combined with

an extraordinary feeling for equity—in the psychological not in the legal sense. Confession to a serious charge seems in this atmosphere a normal, not an unusual, event.

* * *

France and Britain are now, I think, the only countries that have the old clumsy copper coinage, and the French are getting rid of theirs. So I have not been surprised to see the discussion in the press about a large nickel threepenny bit to take the place of our troublesome and little used silver one. But what we really need is a nickel penny and a nickel tuppenny piece. If we have a nickel threepence and no tuppenny piece it will have a considerable effect on prices. Threepence will become the standard for telephones and fares just as a "nickel" is in the United States. I take it that those who are keen on introducing the decimal system into England will think this talk of currency change a good moment for pressing their case. They would scarcely be deterred by being reminded that Herbert Spencer left money in his will for the re-issue of his pamphlet against the decimal system whenever the danger of change should be apparent!

* * *

The controversy in the *Times* about the new postage stamps has been highly entertaining. We are creatures of habit, and luckily we become quickly anæsthetised to the ugliness of objects which we see very frequently. I can now pass even the Nurse Cavell monument with only the faintest movement of nausea. This kindly influence of custom has long since blinded us to the vulgarity of the King George stamps, with their debased Renaissance ornamentation. When I complain about the dolphins (because they are *bad* dolphins—no one could like a good dolphin more than I do), people say, "What dolphins?" Yet these cetaceans occur on every ½*d.* and 1½*d.* stamp. The real cause of the complaints about the new stamps is not that they are ugly, but that they are not what we have been used to. In fact, they are not objects of beauty; but they are vastly superior to the old ones. If there were a Pisanello alive, he could no doubt produce a lovely and vigorous profile, but the photograph used, though it gives us a monarch who looks unduly juvenile and puzzled, is far more satisfactory than the imitation of a photograph such as official portrait painters would like to provide. The stamp could be greatly improved by better (but not less simple) lettering. Mr. Eric Gill and Mr. Francis Meynell, both of whom speak with authority about typography and layout, have written extremely sensible letters to the *Times*, defending the general appearance of the stamps, but criticising certain details. The Post Office has an artistic conscience, as you can tell from its posters, and so there is some hope, I think, that the suggestions of Mr. Gill and Mr. Meynell will be acted upon. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. H. Goss.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The reason why the little sons of the rich in England are, as a rule, humble fellows is that most of them go to Eton, which, though you may not believe it, is one of the few democratic institutions left.—Lord Castlerosse in *Sunday Express*.

England's oldest magistrate, Mr. Alfred Dennis, of the Weymouth Bench, who celebrated his 97th birthday this month, agrees that younger magistrates should be empanelled in the juvenile courts.

"Clear the old men out and give the young ones a chance," he said to-day.—*Evening News*.

Mr. Errol E. Harris has tried to show at great length the difference between Communism and Bolshevism. May I briefly suggest how they agree? They neither of them love God or honour the King, and that should be sufficient "red light" for any Christian Englishman of any denomination. "A rotten egg by any other name would smell as foul."—Letter in *Times*.

Your correspondent's suggestion for some other design than His Majesty's head for postage stamps is worthy of consideration.

The act of giving even his effigy a blow on the jaw with the fist is opposed to loyal feeling, and yet it is done millions of times daily in affixing the postage.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*.

The King's stay at Balmoral Castle is likely to be a much longer one than was anticipated. It was generally thought that as he is not partial to shooting there was little to attract him in the Highlands.—*Sunday Times*.

It has yet to be generally recognised that air warfare is a comparatively luxurious pursuit and much more suited to the aged than the coarser and rougher methods of fighting indulged in by our naval and military colleagues.—Letter in *Times*.

MYSELF A MENACE

JEROME K. JEROME in *Three Men in a Boat* warned us against the peril of reading about diseases and their symptoms. The cunningly phrased advertisement of a patent medicine may easily send an imaginative reader hunting through his body for symptoms of an unsuspected illness and may even persuade him that they exist. To live among medical students and to read their books is to suffer, while in the best of health, imaginary onsets of appendicitis, hip-joint disease, and half the other afflictions known to the doctors. There are people who are immune from the suggestions even of patent medicine advertisements, but they must be in a minority, or the medicines would not flourish. I am not myself so susceptible to the charms of advertisement as I used to be. As one grows older, I imagine, one gradually abandons both the fears and the hopes that the advertisements once roused. Or it might be nearer the truth to say that, while the fears persist, the hopes dwindle. I fancy, however, that in youth the nervous human being is more keenly imaginative and conjures up nightmares of fatal illness on a more lavish scale than in later life. The coward, it is said, dies a thousand deaths: in youth he also suffers from a thousand diseases. By middle age these have been reduced to eight hundred and fifty.

I, myself, have always been nervous. I am one who in childhood ought to have been dragged hurriedly by my nurse past chemists' shops and warned never to read the wrapper of a patent-medicine bottle. In youth I ought to have been shielded from the company of medical students or, at least, forbidden to question them about obscure pains in the throat, chest, and joints. As it was, unfortunately, I knew the names of most diseases in my teens and decided that I had at least 50 per cent. of them. I was a godsend to the medical students whom I knew. They practised on me with their stethoscopes; they tapped my chest; they tapped my knee-joints; they twisted my leg up and down in the hope of discovering appendicitis. In the end, as a rule, they played for safety, and decided that I needed iron, and made out a prescription. I swallowed their bottles, and they always did me good till fresh symptoms appeared.

In the course of time, my imagination has become less romantic, though I still swallow pellets of various kinds faithfully enough. I think I have reached a stage at which I could read the description of the symptoms of a disease without being positive that I was suffering from it. I thought so, at least, till the other day when I picked up a book by an eminent doctor which rather disturbed my complacency. He did not alarm me about the health of my body, but he perturbed me considerably about the health of my mind. You who possess *mens sana in corpore sano*, and who have never felt nervous even when you have turned up at a dinner-party with the wrong tie, could probably read the book without a tremor. I, however, who am nervous even when a youth in a cloth cap sitting opposite to me in a bus brings out an old-fashioned razor and draws the blade across his palm in order to display its beauty to a friend, felt a queer tremor passing through my being when I came on the sentence: "I maintain . . . that a mild degree of nervousness is much

more tragic in effect than cancer, that despondency is much more deplorable than galloping consumption, and that chronic mental tiredness is much more pitiable than true insanity." "Nervousness, despondency, and lassitude," continued the eminent doctor, "are the most tragic illnesses. . . . They spoil more lives, wreck more homes, and create more poverty than grave disorders. They give rise to something worse than recognised disease and death." You will understand the alarm I felt as I read this when I tell you that these three illnesses—nervousness, despondency and lassitude—are illnesses from which I have suffered all my life.

I do not wish to paint too dark a picture of myself, however. I may be nervous, but I am not afraid of spiders, beetles or mice. It always comforts me, when I accuse myself of cowardice, to remember the many occasions on which shrieking women and children have called on me as the one hero in the house to eject a spider from a bathroom. Similarly, I have more than once been in a house in which no one but myself had the courage—it is the only word for it—to descend to the basement at midnight in quest of food partly because of the beetles and partly because of the sinister ticking of the gas-meter. I must say for myself that I can go down among a floorful of beetles with the resolution and coolness of Julius Caesar. In presence of most other things I am nervous, however—mobs, dogs, scenes with waiters, mad-looking people jumping at the last moment into a railway compartment in which I am sitting alone, shellfish at Boulogne, Fascists, Communists, fire at sea, fire on land, lions that have escaped from menageries, life, the future, the present—almost everything, in fact, except spiders, beetles, mice, and meters ticking in the basement.

Being so constituted, I naturally felt far from happy when I learned from the doctor's book that I was a danger to society, a wrecker of homes, something rather worse than the germ of a fatal disease. And in order to convince me that I am the person about whom he is writing—the victim of nervousness and "unrecognised fear"—the doctor goes on to describe my symptoms. "The person simply cannot settle comfortably and be at ease," he says. "He must be continually doing something, either lighting cigarettes, changing his position, or moving papers, books or ornaments. If he is waiting for the train he walks the platform." I will say in my defence that if while waiting for the train I walk the platform, this is due to the grossly inadequate provision of seats by the railway companies. On the whole, however, his indictment holds. I am continually lighting cigarettes, and, since I always slide down on to the small of my back in an armchair, I am continually changing my position. Sometimes, though not often, I even move books. In other words, I am what the doctor calls a "worrier." Nervous apprehension, he declares, "makes a man worry immensely over trifles, which he readily admits to be foolish. He worries in case he may be late for some appointment." That, undoubtedly, is me—or, if you will have it so, I—to the life. I worry even about keeping an editor waiting for an article.

The second disease of the age, according to the doctor, is depression. Here, too, in his description of the victim, the doctor has drawn my portrait. "The sufferer," he says, "looks at life through darkened spectacles. He is pessimistic, low-spirited and without much hope. He finds normal work a labour and derives no pleasure from recreation. His mood is serious and somewhat sullen. He tends to criticise destructively constructive schemes and damps the ardour of the enthusiast." How faithful a picture! Pessimistic and without much hope—I have undoubtedly been feeling like that lately. "Finds normal work a labour"—why, I have felt like that since I first went to school at the age of five. "Tends to criticise destructively constructive schemes and damps the ardour of the enthusiast"—you should hear me talking to a young Communist, but, alas! I never yet have been able to damp his or her ardour.

From this we come to the "third predominating nervous illness," which is lethargy. You who do not suffer from this may have little sympathy for those of us who do, but it seems to me that we deserve it. "The patient is," the doctor tells us, "asthenic. The slightest mental effort generates fatigue and boredom." I should say rather that it generates antipathy. It is the thought of work, rather than work itself, that disgusts the lethargic man. Work itself is pleasant enough when you have settled down to it, but how hateful is the necessity of settling down! The doctor, however, describes admirably the physical symptoms of the lethargic man. "Moderate exercise," he says, "produces aching in the limbs and excessive tiredness." How often has the truth of this been brought home to me during a holiday after the first day's divot-replacing on the golf course!

What, then, is to be done with us—the nervous, depressed and lethargic members of society? We are more dangerous, apparently, than the mentally unfit and the "classical defective." Even so, the doctor hesitates to propose drastic remedies. "The classical defective," he declares, "is not the cardinal danger. The seeds of mental deficiency are sown more numerously by the apparently normal members of the tainted family, and to press for sterilisation here would immediately arouse indignation, resistance and rebellion." The last clause of the sentence is, I believe, true. One can imagine the indignation of the nervous, the resistance of the depressed, and the rebellion even of the lethargic. I am glad that the doctor realises this. But, as a matter of fact, his book is full of good sense. I only wish that he had not convinced me that I have so many of the symptoms of diseases that make me a menace to society. Y. Y.

THE EAST END

MR. HUGH MASSINGHAM has written a very entertaining and important book, called *I Took Off My Tie*.* Its nominal subject is the East End of London and the people who live there; actually, it is mostly about something else, quite as interesting, but different, namely, Mr. Hugh Massingham. It is the story of the author's adventures, his reactions, his knightly courage, his modesty and his worldly innocence that intrigues the reader and wins his affection and admiration.

A few years ago Mr. Massingham came to the conclusion that it would be both illuminating and conscience-quieting to study at first-hand the lives of the weekly wage-earners and dole-receivers who make up the great majority of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen. He established himself in two rooms in East London, and at first did not, but ultimately did, take off his collar and tie. The queer things he observed and suffered before and after the taking off of the tie are, in this book, told with sincerity, with right humility, and—even more important—with a sprinkling of that most delicate form of humour which causes us to laugh at ourselves and our ineptnesses.

The writer was, when he started on this investigatory enterprise, obviously a very young man. I infer from the record of his experience and reactions that he had had little previous intimate contact with the wage-earning poor in town or country. I suppose that most "cultivated" people—Socialist, Communist, or Tory—do in fact impute to the "working class" so greatly divergent a way of thought and feeling that common ground is hard to find. I have never shared that view, or the social difficulties that result from it. Since I was a very small boy living in a Somersetshire village, I have never been able to see any collective difference between poor people and the well-to-do, except that the poor people are poor.

Observed through the haze of conventions so familiar to us as to be almost indistinguishable from external reality, the routine acts and words of the members of our own social class are commonly taken for granted—they seem "natural." When we look at people occupying another social level, having different "customs" and different traditions of etiquette,

**I Took Off My Tie.* By Hugh Massingham. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

everything is apt to appear strange—even grotesque. I doubt if Mr. Massingham ever quite realised this. He therefore often mistakes the accidental for the fundamental.

There is, in fact, nothing very strange or puzzling about the problem of the East-Ender; no elaborate study of these strange animals is necessary. Their special needs are more money, security of income, decent houses, such as the rest of us have, and shorter working hours. Their other requirements are similar to, and as varied as, those of well-to-do English people, with incomes varying from £250 to £5,000 a year—"earned" or unearned.

Mr. Massingham, unfortunately for the success of his experiment, unfortunately, also, for his personal happiness, had no excuse recognisable by his neighbours as adequate for settling in an unsalubrious district obviously alien to him. Had he been a doctor, or a relieving officer, or had he conducted a small retail shop, he would probably have been accepted without suspicion. But, as I have said, he seems to have started off with the idea that poor people and well-to-do people are almost different species; and right up to the end I doubt if he got rid of this idea.

It was a pity, again, that Mr. Massingham's entry into East London took place at a time when the local people were anticipating ejectment from their long occupied homes, condemned through sanitary defects or overcrowding. If there is one thing that poor people—like rich people—loathe more than being studied as exotic freaks, it is being "improved" or moved about without their consent. Few of us care to have our homes looked upon as foul and revolting. "What d'you mean—filthy slums? That's where I live," I once heard an indignant interrupter shout in the middle of a harangue by Harry Quelch. There has been so much talk about housing in the last twenty years that on this particular point there is to-day less sensitiveness than there was, but the spirit remains; and it is surprising to the outsider how adhesive to their old homes many of these people are. Only a few weeks ago a patient of mine, whose little house had been condemned, put his head in the gas-oven rather than face the move to the superior rooms provided by the Council less than fifty yards away.

The crampedness of the ordinary East End home, and the absence of many amenities customary in the West End, naturally, are responsible for great variation in everyday conventions. But here, again, it is easy to go wrong. In the East End district in which I practise medicine I am well known to nearly everybody, and pretty nearly everybody regards me with friendly eyes. But, after thirty years' familiarity with my neighbours, I should no more think of entering one of their houses without knocking and being invited to come in, than I should think of crawling in on all-fours. Mr. Massingham's method of approach was unfortunate. The first house at which he called in his tour of investigation was, to his surprise, equipped with "neither knocker nor bell"; so, after wondering for some time about what he was to do he "solved the problem by kicking the door open" and shouting up the stairs. A poor old woman, "very wrinkled and dirty, came crawling down." She evidently came from the top floor, whereas the object of Mr. Massingham's quest lived on the first floor. Not unnaturally, this old woman angrily "shuffled off, grumbling that folks were always disturbing her." Nor was the author's second call more lucky.

> This time I was unable to open the door, and seeing a lighted window on the third floor, I threw something up at it. A woman put her head out of the window, and I explained my errand, and she shouted back: "Oo-oo d'yer want? Waa-a-at yer say?" I said it all over again, and she grew impatient. "Oh, bugger off," she said. But I was not to be put off. I shouted up at her again, and presently the window was opened. "There you are," I said to myself, pleased that I had persevered. All that happened was that a shower of vegetable parings and fishbones descended on my head. "Now will you bugger off?" said the woman.

I am inclined to mistrust conversations reported in dialect; and I do not find the Cockney spirit very convincingly enphrased in passages such as this: "Lemme tell yer summit. 'E's a 'ighbrow, a 'igh-stepper. Come dahn in the world 'e 'as. I bet yer 'e talks ever ser toffy-nosed, like the rector. 'E looks as soft, as soft—as soft as muck."

Yet the pictures which Mr. Massingham gives us are nearly always vivid, often humorous, and sometimes moving. I sympathise with the author's tolerance of eccentric characteristics and unconventional habits even when the environmental sordidness most oppresses him. One gets very interested in Mrs. Morgan, a forceful person who paid her rent in service rather than in cash—and, by similar means, avoided many of the financial embarrassments in which her neighbours were constantly entangled. "How long is your mother going to be?" Mr. Massingham asked Mrs. Morgan's little eight-year-old daughter, who was sitting on the stairs. "'Ow the yell should I know? She's in bed with Mr. 'Uggins. 'E's a bugger."

We get lots of bits of dialogue like this. Very entertaining, and probably reported with near-enough accuracy. But we must not misinterpret them; they are "character" stuff, not at all typical of the ordinary conversation of East-Enders, who, for the most part, talk, think and act much as do the majority of the men, women and children of Clapham or Bayswater.

Nothing could be better or essentially truer than the accounts of some entertaining dialogues between Mr. Massingham and an Italian organ-grinder with whom he became on really friendly terms. Evidently it is easier for an English intellectual and artist to establish intimate relations, based on genuine understanding and sympathy, with an unlettered Latin than with the unlettered of his own country.

> Giovanni greeted me with a most disarming and happy smile. . . . I sat down on one of the shafts. Giovanni went on smiling and playing "Ah I have sighed to rest me," and when that came to an end, "Home to our Mountains."
>
> "Good?" he said, when he had played each tune three times . . .
>
> "Splendid," I said.
>
> "Il Trovatore," he said with respect. "Good, eh?"
>
> "It's grand. Do you often come here?"
>
> "Every Monday. I turna the handle every Monday. Sometimes I go East and sometimes I go West . . ."
>
> And later I found Giovanni playing outside the house. "'Allo," he said. "'Allo, 'allo." He was very pleased to see me. "I turna the 'andle for an hour and 'oped you would come."
>
> "I bet you've only just arrived."
>
> "Over an hour," said Giovanni. He stopped playing and took off his hat and wiped his forehead. "It's 'ot," he said. "I don't like."
>
> "Shall we go and have a drink?"
>
> "Good," said Giovanni.
>
> We went across to the "George" and I got him some beer and told him I was going away.
>
> "No-a?" said Giovanni.
>
> "Absolutely true."
>
> "You come and live with me," said Giovanni. "I 'ave a woman, but I kick her out. So!"
>
> "No, I'm going right away." I couldn't think how to make him understand. "I've got a job," I said.
>
> Giovanni was impressed. "Be-eg money?"
>
> "Colossal."
>
> "Yes?"
>
> "Very big money," I explained.
>
> Giovanni looked grave, and then suddenly he began laughing . . .
>
> "You 'ave a job!" said Giovanni. The idea was excruciatingly funny.
>
> "Why not? Don't you think I could get a job?"
>
> "No-a," said Giovanni. He rolled about the bench laughing.

HARRY ROBERTS

ALIENS AND PASSPORTS FOR BRITISHERS

THE refusal of the British Government to permit a member of the French Chamber to land in England because he was to address a meeting, the organisers of which were opposed to the English policy of "non-intervention" in Spain, raises the interesting question of the extent of governmental control over persons crossing the frontiers of this country.

In this the position of an alien differs from that of a citizen, but until 1891 when a Chinaman, one Chan Teeong Toy, who has given his name to the leading case, attempted to prove

he had a legal right to be allowed into Australia and failed, it had been argued that even an alien had a right at common law to enter British territory and could obtain damages against any person denying him that right.

But in any event, whatever was the common law, the right of entry for aliens and their expulsion from the country are now no longer regulated by it, but by the war-time Aliens Restriction Act, 1914, the Aliens Restriction (Amendment) Act, 1919, and the Alien Orders made under them.

Until 1793 Parliament had made no attempt to control foreign immigration into England, and the legislation of that year was aimed solely at keeping out revolutionaries, spies and propagandists. It was not until the Aliens Act of 1905 that an attempt was made to prevent the entry of foreigners on the ground that they might compete with English labour.

In many ways the Aliens Acts of 1914 and 1919 and the Orders made under them follow the outlines of the 1905 Act, but there is one significant change. The 1905 Act provided that no foreigner without means of support for himself or his dependants should be allowed to enter the country unless he came "solely to avoid persecution or punishment on religious or political grounds." When the Bill was debated in the House this provision was insisted upon, though it was realised it might lead to a considerable influx of destitute foreigners, as it was thought by all parties essential to preserve the English tradition of the right of asylum.

In the present Acts and Order all trace of the exception has disappeared.

For the rest, the Aliens Acts give an almost arbitrary power to the Secretary of State to refuse an alien admission or to cancel his permit to stay. A further far-reaching effect of the 1919 Act has been to place indirectly serious restrictions upon the citizen's undoubted common-law right to leave the realm and return to it at will.

"By common law," said a celebrated sixteenth-century authority, "every man may go out of the realm to merchandise or on pilgrimage or for whatever other cause he pleaseth without the King's leave." To-day anyone without a passport might find it very difficult to exercise this right or its corollary —the right to return home.

Yet a passport is in no sense a licence to leave the country. In medieval times the King claimed a right to issue such licences and make a charge for them, and in various declarations of the law, from Magna Charta on, this practice was declared illegal. The ingenuity of modern administrative law has achieved what Parliament never attempted and the Crown failed to do.

In the Regulations under the 1919 Act the master of any ship leaving or arriving in the United Kingdom must furnish full particulars of all aliens on board. In order to secure these particulars the Regulations further provide that all passengers, British or foreign, shall furnish the master with any information he may require in order to enable him to complete the return. The information always required from a British subject is proof that he is a British subject. Only thus can he escape being included in the list of aliens and having to produce a passport as an alien. But to prove that he is British he must have a British passport.

Thus an Act intended by Parliament solely to control foreigners has been turned into an instrument by which the British Government can in practice, by refusing a passport, prevent British subjects from leaving the country, a thing which can only legally be done by almost obsolete writ of *ne exeat regno*.

There is, however, a loophole for anyone bold enough to take it, and the only regulation in which passports are mentioned suggests the method. "Every person landing in the United Kingdom shall be in the possession of a passport . . . *or some other document establishing his nationality and identity*."

The bold traveller equipped with such other document proving conclusively his nationality might convince the master of his *bona fide* and satisfy the immigration officials. His only difficulty when leaving England would be to prove that he would be admitted to the foreign country where he was going without a passport. For unless he could show that, the railway or steamship company might legitimately under the conditions on which they issue tickets refuse to carry him lest they be compelled to deport him at their own expense.

However, in view of possible political bans it is worth while remembering that in order to leave or enter this country a passport is not a legal necessity for a British subject.

BARRISTER

Correspondence

THE STRUGGLE IN PALESTINE

SIR,—While you decline to discuss the question "whether Palestine was or was not explicitly excluded from the assurances given by Sir Henry McMahon to the Sherif Hussein in 1915," you remark that "it must suffice to say that the Palestinian Arabs remain convinced of British perfidy." Since you accept this Arab view as an important factor in the situation, it is surely necessary to establish whether the Arab contention is correct. Both the British Government and Sir Henry McMahon himself have declared that Palestine was excluded from the Arab territories to which independence was promised in the correspondence with the Sherif Hussein. Moreover, Feisal, the son of Hussein, who represented the Arabs at the Peace Conference, concluded a Pact of Friendship with Dr. Weizmann, on January 3rd, 1919, in terms that clearly indicated that he regarded Palestine as excluded from those territories; and a few weeks later he submitted a Memorandum to the Peace Conference, in which he stated: "On account of its universal character, I shall leave Palestine on one side for mutual consideration of all parties concerned. With this exception, I ask for the independence of the Arabic areas enumerated in the Memorandum."

You repeat the allegation that the fellahin "are gradually becoming landless," and appear by implication to accept it as true, although you rightly observe that the land that the Jews buy "is freely offered, that the price paid is fair and often generous, and that they put it to better use than do the Arabs." But it is necessary also to add that the landlessness of the fellahin was advanced as one of the main causes of the outrages in 1929 and when the matter was investigated by official experts it was found entirely devoid of foundation. The inquiry conducted by Mr. Lewis French, with the assistance of a legal assessor, revealed the fact that over a period of 12 years only 656 heads of Arab families had been displaced by Jewish settlement. The Government then provided the sum of £250,000 for the settlement of the displaced Arabs on fresh holdings, but by the end of 1934 (as shown in the Palestine Government's Report for that year) only 43 availed themselves of the offer of the Administration (which had acquired 17,868 dunams at a cost of £72,240), the remainder having become absorbed again in agriculture or found other lucrative employment. Thus, the "displaced Arabs" myth was completely disposed of in 1934.

The complaint is made that the Jews are rapidly buying up the greatest part of the land and that the Arabs are being driven away from it. In fact, the Jews, who number 400,000 and are about 30 per cent. of the population, possess only 300,000 acres out of a total of six million acres, that is 5 per cent.

During the 16 years of the British Administration, until the end of 1935, the Jews have in all purchased very little more land than they had previously acquired under the Turks, although the latter had made no promise to facilitate the establishment of the Jewish National Home. Before the War the amount purchased was 576,538 dunams (about 144,130 acres); since the War the additional area bought amounts to 667,440 dunams (about 166,860 acres). If the Jews went on purchasing land at the average rate of the last 15 years, i.e. about 11,000 acres per annum, it would take more than 100 years to purchase half of the cultivable land of Palestine, on the assumption that the sale of land will be free from any restriction.

ISRAEL COHEN

The Zionist Organisation,
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77 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

[We do not question the correctness of the facts stated by Mr. Cohen in his first paragraph. But unfortunately the Arabs, as we said, have persisted in taking a different view of the matter,

and however wrong their view may be, it has played a considerable part in their hostility to the Mandate.

There was no implication in our article that we accepted as true the statement that "the fellahin are gradually becoming landless." What we said was that the land question must be inquired into again (even though there have been inquiries in the past), and the Arab grievances, *if* there is found to be any substance in them, redressed.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I read Mr. Guy's letter in your issue of September 19th The event of the searching of the village of Tireh, as the telegram published in your issue of September 12th suggests, was in connection with the murdering of Jews outside the village boundaries.

It is true, as Mr. Guy remarks, that there is a Government version of what happened. We believe, however, that since the Government is entirely under Zionist influence, and that since the official who publishes the Government "versions" of the events is a Zionist himself, Government communiqués are partial and biased.

159 Knightsbridge, S.W.1. E. A. GHORY

SIR,—Immediately a lull in the storm affords congenial conditions the Royal Commission will embark upon a voyage of discovery, and Palestine, as ever, will yield rich treasure. I venture, however, to predict that these true gems will not figure among the mass of finely wrought imitations which will proclaim to the public the success of the enterprise.

Travelling on the main railway line to Egypt, I spoke to a British "Tommy" of the Royal Cheshire Regiment, and he told me this story. "At night, when we are guarding the line against the Arabs, who come to blow it up, we often see them at work, but are forbidden to fire at them. We may only fire into the air, and they, upon hearing the report, make their escape. But, do you think we can make chase? No, we must go on our hands and knees and find every spent cartridge-case, which must be handed in, or woe betide us!" The next morning, the papers bear the record: "The High Commissioner regrets to announce that the line was blown up by persons unknown."

On one occasion, the following happened: a Jewish village telephoned for help (the wires having inadvertently been left uncut by "persons unknown"), as Arabs were firing the crops and attacking. A handful of police arrived and, instead of giving chase, they proceeded to conduct a search of the Jewish village, for arms, which are indisputably held only for purposes of protection, not aggression—and meanwhile, the "persons unknown" escaped scot free.

The Government is anxious to operate a policy of "balance," which is surely admirable. So, when many Arab villages have been fined as punishment for the murdered Jews found near them and traced to their threshold, a Jewish settlement, on Mount Carmel, has to be fined for the body of an Arab found murdered near it, though no proof is forthcoming. This, in spite of the fact that an Arab once confessed that Arabs had asked him to permit himself to be beaten in a Jewish town at night, in order to point blame at the Jews.

Another mistaken impression, which bears heavily upon the Jews, is that given in the press that these attacks are "struggles" or "clashes." I have tried to show that this is incorrect, since the Jews never retaliate, but are instructed to apply to the police for protection. In fact, Jewish watchmen, who stand at night at risk of their lives to guard their settlements and warn the police of attackers, are often fined for carrying arms, even though it is clear to anybody who wishes to see the truth that they are there only for purposes of defence—that it is not even in their interest to attack or clash, since the Jews have no wish to see that kind of solution in operation.

Again, the press has given the false impression that Jews and Arabs have been convicted for lawlessness in about equal proportions to their relative numerical strength in the country, and Earl Winterton has already used this argument against the Jews. This is patently incorrect. But whereas the Jews are convicted for being out of doors a little after curfew time, or for carrying arms in self-defence, the Arabs are convicted for throwing bombs or strewing nails on the roads, or for blatant attack on life and property.

The Jewish contribution to Government revenue is far greater than their numerical proportion to the rest of the population, yet the Government expends, for example, hundreds of thousands of pounds annually on Arab health, and a few thousands on Jewish health services. It is true that Britain absorbs about 60 per cent. of the staple Palestine export—Jaffa citrus fruit—but it is interesting to note that that fruit must compete against the cheap, sweated and unorganised labour of, for example, Cyprus on the one hand, and the Imperial Preference which frees South African, Cyprian and Australian oranges from the heavy duty which Palestinian fruit has to pay, under the Ottawa Scheme.

If a committee of experts is to have the power to decide the true value of each feature discovered, let the members know, then, that the Zionist leaders speak the voice of the masses who elect them democratically, while the Arab leaders do not speak the voice of the masses they claim to represent. And, before applying the horrible solution of cantonisation, let those in power learn from previous efforts and failures, for this method was applied in 1922, when the whole eastern section of Palestine was, for purely political reasons, for history or geography cannot explain this move, severed from the western and less fertile section. Thus has Palestine already once been cantonised as a gesture to Arab discontent. To do so again would be to strangle at birth one of the most inspiring and promising movements of the modern world.

52 Blackstock Road, N.4. BERTHA COUSIN

FINLAND AND GERMANY

SIR,—In your issue of September 19th, Mr. Ernst Henri, in an article "The Strategy of the German Attack on the U.S.S.R." writes: "With its naval artillery the German Baltic fleet can subjugate the three Baltic countries within a few hours; the fourth, the Finland of Mannerheim and Hackzell, is already its ally."

I consider it my duty to draw your attention to the fact that there is no foundation whatever for Mr. Henri's statement about Finnish politics.

G. A. GRIPENBERG
Minister for Finland.

Finnish Legation,
37 Smith Square,
Westminster, S.W.1.

THE FRONT POPULAIRE AT WORK

SIR,—Last night a crowd of some five or six hundred people filled the principal cinema of this little town of Y. Not a paper-audience either, every seat paid for, 3 francs for adults, half price for children—an audience largely young, but well sprinkled with middle-aged men and women. An audience which, leaving the meeting half an hour after midnight, would for the most part have to be at work again at 5.30 the next morning. It was a reunion of the Front Populaire, which numbers, in this place of 6,000 inhabitants, some 750 individual subscribers.

The air was thick with tobacco and garlic, conversation vivid and noisy was hushed instantly for the long film, very moving almost because of its monotony, showing the 10-hour long procession in Paris a year ago which marked the inauguration of the Front Populaire. After that came the real object of the evening, the accounts of the Brussels Peace Conference given by the three delegates for the district. Two of these speakers, a schoolmaster and a dressmaker, were making public speeches for the first time in their lives. The somewhat over-detailed story of the former, the dry little paper, full of the verbiage of resolutions, of the latter, were listened to in well-maintained silence and generously applauded.

The third delegate was a citizen intimately known to his audience, a man of international outlook and international friendships. His speech was closely reasoned, he allowed himself no fireworks, and it was closely followed. After reading the appeal, so wide in its basis, so universal in its dedication, by which the Conference was inaugurated he showed that, whereas the democratic powers had either given a quasi-official support to their delegations, or shown them a benevolent neutrality, no Fascist country had allowed its subjects to participate—the Polish delegation being allowed to get as far as the frontier and no farther. Moreover, within each non-Fascist country, whilst Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists and Communists, Christians and Atheists had met upon a common desire for Peace, no Fascist organisations whatever had seen fit to send representatives. Could these facts be made to square with the often-repeated claim that Fascism is peaceful in its aims? The only hope of restraining Fascism from world war lay in the resolute unity of the Democratic forces of the world.

These speeches must have lasted an hour and a half. Enough of the audience left after them to show that politics not "pictures" was the attraction of the evening. In fact, the brilliantly horrible Eisenstein film which followed added little to the impressiveness

of the occasion, though it may have helped to swell the proceeds in aid of the Spanish Republicans.

Y —— cannot be taken as entirely representative of provincial towns: it is by common consent one of the keenest in its support of democratic politics—but what is going on there is more or less repeated in village after village throughout France. Within the next week these three delegates will give their "comptes rendus" at two other meetings in the neighbourhood. Y —— has already sent nearly 3,000 francs to the Spanish republicans, the Women's Committee has despatched two big sacks of clothes and comforts, they buy wool and give it out to be knitted or unravel old woollens to make socks and scarves. The district is not rich, and its rich people are not in the Front Populaire. It is not merely a sentimental sympathy which links them with the Spanish Republicans. A Fascist victory in Spain would certainly mean a repetition of the struggle on French soil, and the leaders of the People's Party know themselves marked out for dismissal or the destruction of their homes in such an event. Some even know that their names are on the list for assassination. The Fascist Leagues, in spite of the law to that effect, are *not* disarmed, and that they have hidden stores of weapons is common knowledge.

In surroundings like these it is hard to read with patience academic arguments against the formation of a Popular Front in England. Calculations as to election results a decade hence seem frivolous when the future of democracy itself is in the balance. Political union is not a marriage for all eternity; it is a partnership for immediate common aims. From the French point of view, English democratic parties are playing at blind-man's buff whilst arson is in the house. MARGERY FRY

St. Remy de Provence, Sept. 17.

RACIALISM IN AFRICA

SIR,—I am glad that you have pointed out the crude inconsistency between General Smuts' disapproval of racialism in Europe and his approval of racialism in Africa, and also that you have endorsed the brave protest of Archdeacon Owen from Kenya. I have just returned from a short visit to the Cape, where I was at trouble to see something of the conditions of life among the non-white population. Although I am familiar with bad housing and economic depression here on Tyneside, I was unspeakably shocked to see how the coloured folk were housed, fed, barred from earning decent wages, fobbed off with the leavings of an education system and taxed, and how ignorant and apathetic in the matter so many Europeans, English as well as Afrikanes, were. It was not only the bad social morality but also the bad economics that left one aghast. And the Cape, one is told, is a kind land for coloured people compared with the Rand.

As you say, the Union politicians are trying to spread their prejudices through Africa. They are also trying to persuade the Imperial Government to hand over the Native Protectorates to their control in return for co-operation in a "Defence" programme. It is important that public opinion over here should recognise that the decision whether the King's Government can do what it likes with the Protectorates is not just an administrative decision of the Dominions' Office but a judicial one. It ought to turn on a judicial interpretation of the Proclamations and Agreements by which the Protectorates were set up.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne. L. S. HUNTER

POLITICS AND WITCHCRAFT

SIR,—The irony W. B. at first rightly suspected in my article, "Politics and Witchcraft," but subsequently disbelieved in, is not mine. It lies in a situation where the German edition of the late Horatio Bottomley cannot help, in his efforts to appear to be making genuine peace proposals, offering, to those not bursting with indignation, hints as to what should be done to guard against aggression and persecution, and clues to the dynamics of our own credulity. The central aim of German policy is to neutralise the influence of this country, to secure its indifference to an attack Eastwards. The technique used to this end is to talk to the public over the head of the British Government. Nazi international announcements are continually influenced by the intention to catch the bamboozleable, to appear to the British public to be working for peace in face of a France refusing and a British Government hesitating to co-operate. This is the political form of landing troops by parachute in the enemy's rear.

Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION probably know many "marginal converts," people who, unless you do something about it, will to-morrow become semi-Nazophile, and will play an important, perhaps decisive, part in influencing British policy.

One of the incidental aims of my article was to suggest procedure for dealing with such acquaintances. In talking to these it is useless to assume the point—the bellicose intentions of the Nazis and disingenuousness of Nazi peace proposals—on which they are by no means convinced.

The reply to a disingenuous proposal, intended to deceive bystanders, is clear. "Delighted to accept, if you will agree to add the one crucial point needed to make it effective." To do this, clearly, you must yourself first analyse the difference between the disingenuous proposal and what would be a genuine one.

It is only by repeated exposure, without heat or abuse, of the disingenuous nature of German proposals that you will discredit the Nazis among the potentially Nazophile. Abuse *before* exposure is of dubious value.

I attempted to expose the disingenuous nature of the German proposals "for 25 years' peace" by pointing out that a suggestion to abstain from incitement to hatred was impotent unless accompanied by agreement to raise the threshold of gullibility. It is this omission and the palpable probability that the suggestion, if it were made, would be embarrassing to the Nazis that lays the German proposals open to suspicion of being a trap.

"That Hitler, one of the most cunning myth-makers of our time," writes W. B., "should help us to escape from the 'dynamic credulity' which binds us to the witch-burners is a contradiction in terms." Why? What's up? It is precisely the most cunning of myth-makers who can enable us to see deeper into the dynamics of myth-making; the lunatic who enables us to understand lunacy; the Bottomleys, to understand demagogy. Hitler and the Nazi Foreign Office are under no illusion that, if the technique of exposure is developed in England, they may find themselves in difficulties worse than those in which they were caught by the British Questionnaire. Their failure to answer this was not disastrous. But it lost them much English credulity which would otherwise have been theirs. Their danger in trying to appear peaceful—have they given it up?—is that either they may be led to reveal the bamboozleatory nature of their talk, and alienate potential friends in England, or they may have to go through motions of contributing to peace so closely as to endanger the aim of attacking elsewhere. Had W. B. already analysed the forces at work he would have perceived the irony in the situation, and detected my attempts to allude to it.

W. B. and Hitler have now convinced me that the School Certificate should include qualifying questions in the detection of myth-making, e.g., "The following proposals of Herr Hitler may or may not be genuine. What, if anything, do you think should be added to make them effective?" How many of us could deal with "What do you know of the causes of xenophobia: the methods employed to arouse it and the interests which profit by it? What were the immediate origins and methods used in the last three attacks in England?" GEOFFREY PYKE

6 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

LORD HORDER AND PEACE

SIR,—May I reply briefly to Brigadier-General Crozier's letter in your issue of September 19th?

I have read the letter several times, but still fail to appreciate the nature of General Crozier's complaint against me. In particular, I cannot see any difference between "I am against war" and "I renounce war." But if "I renounce war" means "I would not fight if war is made against me," why not say this in just these words? We should then know where General Crozier and those who take the "Dick Sheppard" pledge stand. Your correspondent says, "Has not one to begin somewhere?" I say "yes," and am tempted to add, "why not begin by thinking, and speaking, clearly?" HORDER

141 Harley Street, W.1.

A PEOPLE'S THEATRE

SIR,—In your issue of September 12th Herr Ernst Toller, in a convincing article, advanced the arguments for a People's Theatre in this country; and in your issue of September 19th Mr. Dennis Glenny followed up with a most interesting letter.

May I be allowed to take this opportunity of reminding your readers that it is this purpose which Left Theatre has recently set out to fulfil in establishing itself as "Left Theatre Repertory, Ltd.," with plans similar to those outlined by Herr Toller, and

with an issue of shilling shares to individuals and to organisations?

It has made an appeal for a minimum sum of £2,500, with the intention of acquiring premises and founding a permanent repertory theatre in some working-class district of London.

Your readers will remember that at Plymouth the Left Theatre plans received the blessing of the Trade Union Congress. Herr Toller was kind enough to lay these plans before a meeting in the House of Commons during the summer, and as a result Left Theatre was promised, and received, valuable House of Commons encouragement and support. A very great number of Trade Union and co-operative organisations have associated themselves with the scheme.

But the hard cash is still to be raised in sums adequate for the purpose. Perhaps you will therefore allow me to make an appeal to any of your readers who were interested in Herr Toller's article and are able to assist us financially or in other ways, to give us what assistance they can and to help in making known our aims.

BARBARA NIXON

Left Theatre, Limited,
6 Meard Street,
Dean Street, W.1.

GRUNTERS AND SWEATERS

SIR,—Lord Horder, speaking to the British Association at Blackpool, observes that the one thing that matters is control. This, as a general aphorism, may or may not be true; but as regards public speaking it is considered a golden rule. Lord Horder's control is indeed exemplary. He calls for support of "amenities actually in existence or struggling for recognition, on behalf of the artisan, the labourer, the shopman, the housewife, and all those who grunt and sweat under a weary life." But at this point Lord Horder, exercising control, can see "little hope in Communism." In other words, Lord Horder's control will allow him to hand out a park or two to the grunters and sweaters, but can see little hope in a system evolved by the grunters and sweaters themselves, a system under which some 24.1 per cent. of public income is spent on public health and education in the Soviet Union (not including the vast sums spent by the municipalities, local republics and enterprises, Trade Unions, and so on, from their own resources).

The grunters and sweaters, if Lord Horder is to be believed, need not look for any help from Communism. The best thing they can look for is to continue, if lucky enough to find employment, to put up with the "monotony and drabness inherent in many workers' long hours of physical and mental effort," at their masters' will and for their masters' profit, with a bright promise of being summoned to that work by hooters subdued to a more soothing and melodious note.

24 West Chaldon, SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER
Dorchester, Dorset.

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST"

SIR,—Your dramatic critic complains that on the second night of the new production at the "Old Vic" of *Love's Labour's Lost* the stalls were half empty. When I went a night or two later not only the stalls but all parts of the house except the pit were in the same condition. Yet the truly exquisite production of this difficult play would delight thousands of playgoers if the prejudice against the early plays of Shakespeare could be overcome. In a really civilised country the Court itself would attend this most courtly comedy, and Mr. Tyrone Guthrie would certainly be knighted on the spot. Judging by the tremendous impression the play made on those who did go, I should imagine that the production will earn a place in theatrical history as one of the best since 1920.

40 Fursby Avenue, F. SEYMAN SMITH
Finchley, N.3.

MEDICAL AID FOR SPAIN

SIR,—A local committee has been formed in the Holborn and West Central districts for support of the Medical Aid for Spain.

The Committee are working to interest the people in these districts and to raise funds to help the medical units already in Spain. They hope that the response will be big enough to be able to maintain a small unit completely.

A meeting has been arranged in the Conway Hall on Monday, October 5th, at 8.30 p.m., and I appeal to your readers to respond to this urgent need by coming to the meeting, or by sending donations or offers of help to me.

PORTIA HOLMAN

6 Gordon Square, W.C.1. (Tel.: Museum 3107). Hon. Sec., Holborn and West Central London Committee for Spanish Medical Aid.

Miscellany

WINTER IN ITALY

HE did not keep us waiting at all, but he came straight into the room, a tall, elegant-looking man, with his dark eyes quick and gay. There was scarcely any flesh on his bones, his hair was black and came to a point on his forehead, and he was wearing his long white smock because he was a surgeon and ready for purity at any instant. He was still young, and he had a small, a very pretty, smile that he gave at once to you. It might have belonged to somebody else, it was peculiar in the rest of his face, small and shaped like a bright heart. He had a special sort of beauty that danced black as fury in his bold, quick eyes.

His name was Dr. Contento and we had never seen him before. We came there with a card from Dr. Paparini saying who we were. After Dr. Paparini had felt behind my ear, he said: "I think you'd better run along to Dr. Contento." Mother jumped up so quickly that her bag slipped from her knees, and her lipstick and her gloves and her thin blue handkerchief fell out on the doctor's rug.

"Please tell me at once what it is," she said. "You must tell me, Dr. Paparini, exactly what Lorenzo has."

"I don't know," said Dr. Paparini. He was writing her name out on the card before him. "That's why you must go to Contento. He's our ear man here, you know."

Contento was very beautiful, and from the minute he came into the room where we were waiting he never took his eyes from mother's face. He saw it was mother who was afraid of what might be coming, and while he touched my head with his thumbs he said to her: "How do you like the climate here? Isn't it exceptional?" And mother said: "You must tell me at once, please, what could possibly be the matter. You must promise not to keep things from me. That's the only thing I can't bear."

She kept dropping her cigarette ashes over his rug and pulling her little veil to the end of her nose. She looked at me sitting in the steel chair under the shining bulb, and suddenly she stopped moving, and she stood there, quiet, like a portrait of my mother, with the hair yellow, and the lashes long, and coral rouge on her mouth.

"He plays the piano so well," she said in an unhappy voice. "Last winter we were in Mallorca, swimming the entire season. We want to get off for Switzerland as quickly as we can now, for the ski-ing. He has to go on with his languages and music. I'm sure nothing's really the matter." And then her voice broke, and she said: "Doctor, you must tell me! I *have* to know."

"I had the pleasure of hearing you sing 'Tosca' last night," said Dr. Contento. He was pressing the side of my head with his fingers and giving his eyes and his smile to mother as he talked.

I said: "You hurt me. It's been hurting a week like that."

"But he had to hear me sing last night," said mother, not caring about the tears running down her face. "He insisted on going, and he had no fever, so I let him. He put cotton in his ear to go. But, of course, he took it out when the music started."

"My wife and I agreed," said Dr. Contento, "that you were the most brilliant 'Tosca' ever heard here."

" It's my favourite role," said mother, wiping her tears a little.

" My wife admired your blue gloves," said Dr. Contento.

" Chanel," said mother. She took out her powder-puff and smoothed it over her nose.

" Do sit down," said Dr. Contento. He swung around on his little stool and took the shining eye of light from his forehead. His back, in its white, starched blouse, was turned to me, and he was facing mother. " We're used to good voices here," he said, " but you have that, you see, and everything else besides. I told my wife at the time that to me you were a miracle, you were the divine Tosca—— "

" I do hope your wife agreed with you," said mother, and she was smiling at him.

" My wife—— " Dr. Contento began, and then he gave a shrug of his shoulders. " Well," he said, " to return to our boy here, there'll have to be a little operation. It's a clear case of mastoid," he said.

We went to the hospital in the morning, and the nuns put me into bed and turned me on one side and shaved the half of my head. Mother and I were playing chequers together when Dr. Contento came in wearing a top-coat and carrying his soft grey hat in his hand. He said to her :

" Come to the light so I can see if you've been crying."

" I haven't been crying," said mother, and she went with him to the window. " I know what it is now, and I can be brave. Only they've shaved his head, half of it—do you see ? Like prison. Half his head belongs to the State now, and the other half is mine."

They stood in the light of the window, and Dr. Contento's quick, long fingers had dropped on mother's arm.

" It's going to be nothing," he said. " I've done three this afternoon." He was looking down at her face, and he touched the bunch of violets on her shoulder. " But you," he said. " Somebody ought to be looking after you while this is going on."

He could not take his eyes from her or his fingers from her arm.

" Oh, me ? " said mother in a low voice. " I don't matter. I've got used to being without anyone long ago."

" There are a few things," said Dr. Contento, and his eyes were black and brilliant in his face, " one shouldn't have to get used to."

Suddenly he crossed the room and took his coat off and threw it down across a chair. Then he came to the bed and touched the shaved side of my head. But still he might never have seen me, for he turned away at once and strode back to the window where mother was standing.

" You know, you're pale as death," he said, and he lifted her fingers up as if to breathe some life upon them. " It would be good if you stayed a while in this climate. You need it," he said, and when mother lifted her eyes and looked at him she swayed upon her feet. " It would be good for the boy's health, for recuperating. . . ." Dr. Contento said quickly. He was so thin, standing watching her face, that his belly seemed scooped away inside his clothes.

" I don't know if we have time to stay on here," said mother softly. What of the ski-ing, my heart said to her in silence, what of the good two months ahead of snow ? But Dr. Contento had dropped her hand from his, and " Time ! " he cried out in anger. " What do you know of anything like that ? You've had time for singing—for being beautiful—for being a woman," he said, and he flung the five fingers of his open hand in contempt at her violets and her tight black dress. " I've never had the time to do what I wanted, never," he said. " Look at me," he ordered her, and when she raised her eyes his voice grew quiet. " I've never had the time to be a man," he said.

" Perhaps—we might stay a little—a little while," said mother, and Dr. Paparini opened the door without knocking and walked into the room.

" Hello," he said, and he took my hand. Dr. Contento turned around from the window. He looked at the watch on his narrow wrist and then he said in a level voice : " You're just ten minutes late, Papi."

" There's a lot of flu keeping me busy," said Dr. Paparini with a smile. He was an old man, with no hair on his head, but Dr. Contento was the leader because he was as quick as light. He followed Contento into the operating-room after me, and he watched the nuns tie my wrists and ankles down, and then the two of them fastened their white masks over their faces.

" It's just as I told you, Papi," said Dr. Contento as he lifted his rubber gloves from the basin of disinfectant, " your whole future is ruined if you stay where you are. You'll have to make a move. I tell you the house I telephoned you about is exactly the thing for you—good neighbourhood, imposing appearance—— "

Paparini laughed behind his mask.

" It's very good of you, Contento," he said. " And perhaps you could tell me, too, where I'm to get the things that are necessary to go with it ? I mean," he said, waving one rubber encased hand, " the gilt chairs, and the bronze statues of Mercury, and the ancestors in their frames—— "

" Good God ! " said Dr. Contento. He was setting the instruments out on the glass table-top beside me. " Those things are going cheap now ! The flu you've got on hand now ought to cover that. And a couple of good foreign cases," said Dr. Contento, " ought to set you up in fine style."

The nun came in carrying the chloroform box wrapped in a towel and took her place behind me.

" Breathe in," said Dr. Contento shortly. " Look here, Papi," he said. " A mastoid a day takes care of me nicely. This is my fourth this afternoon, and this one done in sterling. What do you think of that ? "

Dr. Paparini leaned his masked face over me. I could see his eyes above the white.

" It's going to be all right," he said softly. " It's going to be a gentle sleep for a little while."

" Breathe in, breathe in," said Dr. Contento. " God damn you, Sister, hold it where he can get it ! "

The chloroform box closed, humming, upon my face.

KAY BOYLE

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

The Sadler's Wells season of opera and ballet opened on Tuesday. The first ballet was *Le Baiser de la Fée*, which is one of the company's most entirely felicitous productions. Mr. Frederick Ashton's choreography is continuously interesting, and in the *pas de deux* he has filled classical forms with a new and lovely expressiveness. Miss Fedorovich's decor is supremely elegant, the music very curious : the cerebral Stravinsky has frozen the Tchaikovsky material into a wan and crepuscular music, chill as a phantom. One does not feel that the brain and the senses have become fused, as they should be, and yet the music is effective and even beautiful. The programme ended with *Façade*, which is a masterpiece of parody. In the middle we had the third act of *Casse Noisette*, very well danced. It has been given a new decor, which it certainly needed. But the backcloth kills the costumes, and the colours are distressingly unrelated. A decor for *Casse Noisette* needs to be showy, but it should not look as if it had been intended for a Drury Lane pantomime. Such sudden lapses of taste happen every now and then at Sadler's Wells. They are very mysterious, for Miss Baylis has achieved, and deserved, her success by improving, not by condescending to, the popular taste. Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann, William Chappell, Harold Turner and Frederic Ashton himself are all dancing better than ever. And Mr. Constant Lambert gets from his orchestra much better results than we have been used to at the de Basil ballets.

"Girl Unknown" at the New Theatre

The only interest in this play is to see with what fresh piece of banality Mr. Molnar can flog his poor moke of a plot into a semblance of vitality, but in the end he has to abandon the humans and it is a railway train that has the last word. If it is incredible that anyone can want to put on a play like this, it is equally incredible that any actors should want to star in it. There is nothing to Anna beyond a conventional and rather baldly outlined

series of reactions, which anyone of Miss Mannheim's competence can and does dispose of with complete ease. Once the somewhat far-fetched philanthropy of the raving millionaire had removed the poor mayfly to a smart sanatorium, where her beauty had far more effect on the patients than was good for them, it is possible that something might have been done with the situation, but the crudity of the dialogue and the heaviness of the humour soon overwhelmed any kind of hopes. Mr. Marius Goring as the postboy who met his Fata Morgana did his best with the one chance he had. Mr. Wyndham Goldie sketched in the Doctor neatly and Mr. Philip Pearman added a touch of charm and vitality in the deplorable café scene, but we can only suppose that all will soon be quiet again on this waterfront.

"The Song of Freedom," at the Plaza

Any film built round Paul Robeson's voice starts with a very great advantage. And, as many travel "shorts" have shown, Africa photographs well, particularly when Africa dances: then the camera can hardly go wrong. In *The Song of Freedom* all the sets are good, Robeson's singing very good, and the direction, by J. Elder Wills, eminently satisfactory. The one weak feature of the film is the dialogue, which does much to spoil an excellent story nicely handled by the director and effectively recorded by the camera. Both the lyrics and the language of the actors have a barren simplicity bordering, at best, on the childish and, at worst, on the obvious and clumsy. This deficiency does not really matter much, it's almost in keeping with the character of the story; for example, it is always noticeable, to a greater or lesser extent, in negro revue sketches and drama. There is a callow charm attaching to the naive homesick idealism of the London-born black king, Zinga (Paul Robeson), who longs to discover the land and tribe of his forgotten origin. As simply expressed is the touching devotion of his wife (Elisabeth Welch), the villainous conservatism of the witch-doctor and the friendship of Madongo. Still, the lines they were given would have been rather more natural if they had been a little more intelligent; a fear of sophistication made almost every utterance of all the characters, white or black, trite and expected, although—a surprising exception—the witch-doctor spoke fluent, not broken, English with a merely dago accent. But Miss Welch and Mr. Robeson overcome this fault of the script by dint of sheer sincerity, the others (including Esmé Percy) had justifiable recourse to slightly exaggerated fooling. If Miss Welch had been allowed another song, this would have been a film even more worth hearing; as it is, greater weaknesses than a dull script can be forgiven for the sake of Robeson's magnificent drum-like bass, and the film is worth seeing for its director's camera sense, both in straight and in trick photography.

"My Man Godfrey," at the Leicester Square

1936 is already a good film year, if nothing else. In the past nine months, among half a dozen remarkable films, three outstanding pictures have reached the highest talkie standard: *Fury*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, and *My Man Godfrey*. Very different in artistic methods and effect, all three films blend entertainment value with a certain sociological significance. Like *Mr. Deeds*—and also, for that matter, like *The Song of Freedom*—this shimmering new Powell-Lombard comedy is concerned—lightly concerned—with the constantly pressing and always shelved problem of mankind and money, of haves and have-nots in the capitalist, Christian community. It provides further evidence of Hollywood's entirely changed attitude toward the glaring discrepancy between monied civilisation, as we have it, and the rational, ideal humanity which we lack; for what is so new about several recent films is the indication of something vaguely definable as sincerity. The word reads oddly in a film-review; it has commercial, empty connotations in the billion-dollar make-believe world we are discussing. Yet one credits Gregory La Cava, the director of this film, and Capra, who made *Mr. Deeds*, with honesty of purpose—as well as other more strictly cinematographic talents. Not that *My Man Godfrey* is primarily, by any means, a sociological film or human document. It is an astringent, flip comedy, the story of a Harvard man who, for reasons of his own, has joined the homeless and unemployed living in refuse-dumps on the cramped banks of the Hudson; who happens to be picked up as the plaything of the unfortunate rich (Hollywood has always made millions a year by reminding us that they are, in their own queer, enviable way, unfortunate); and who, having become their pawn, becomes their butler, their critic and, of course, eventually—*via* love and intelligence—their saviour. It is a joyous film, because it has all the speed and sparkle that crisp direction and swift, unpretentious writing can give it. Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind (who writes for the Marx Brothers) wrote it. The whole cast contributes appreciably to its success—and it's a very great success, in a field which, we are beginning to suspect, may have been too much maligned. Messrs. Powell, Pallette, Mowbray, Auer, the Misses Lombard, Brady, Patrick, Dixon, and all others concerned with the making of this film deserve congratulation.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 25th—
C. E. M. Joad on "The Present Moral Unrest," Kingsway Hall, 7.30.
Save Spanish Workers. Socialist League Demonstration. Speeches by a Catalan Government Representative, William Mellor, Ellen Wilkinson, Aneurin Bevan and others, Essex Hall, Strand, 8. Admission Free. Collection for Spanish Fund.

SATURDAY, September 26th—
"The Merchant of Venice," Maddermarket Theatre.

SUNDAY, September 27th—
John Katz on "The Battle of the Ideologies," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, September 28th—
Meeting of Delegates to World's Youth Congress at Geneva, Regnal House, 6 Eccleston Street, 8.
Public Meeting on Spain. Speeches by Ellen Wilkinson, John Langdon-Davies and V. S. Pritchett, The Institute, Central Square, Hampstead Garden Suburb, 8.15.
"Œdipus Rex," Covent Garden.

TUESDAY, September 29th—
Special Conference of the National Peace Council. Dr. G. P. Gooch, P. Noel Baker and others on "Teachers and World Peace," King George's Hall, Great Russell Street, 6.30.
Professor H. Levy on "Science and the Workers," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

WEDNESDAY, September 30th—
C. E. M. Joad on "Our Duty in the Next War," Conway Hall, 8.
"A Month in the Country," Westminster Theatre.
"No Ordinary Lady," Duke of York's Theatre.

THURSDAY, October 1st—
"Transatlantic Rhythm," Adelphi Theatre.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE scene in the dining room of the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, in the Rue St. Honoré, on the afternoon of January 11th, 1867, was striking and dramatic. The fussy, birdlike dowager, swathed in her widow's weeds, walked into the room and saw an enormously fat man, weighing some twenty-five stone, lying on the bed with his clothes on and his face turned resolutely towards the wall. She was followed by her Irish manservant, who described the scene as follows:

> She stood over him and kissed him, and he stopped so, with his face to the wall. She said "He looks like his father, and his ears look like his uncle's." As soon as she said that she turned round and told me to take his clothes off as he was nearly stifled. I managed to turn him over and took his coat off. He told me to put some coals on the fire. Mr. Holmes said: "You witness that; you hear how she has identified him?" and I said, "So do you." . . . He said nothing but remained lying on the bed.

In this extraordinary fashion did the Dowager Lady Tichborne find the son whom she had refused to give up for dead, though the ship on which he had sailed had foundered with all hands twelve years before. She had advertised; at last an answer had come from the Australian bush, and Sir Roger, who had been working for years under an assumed name, as a slaughterman, and a horse-breaker, had at last returned to make her happy and to take up his inheritance at Tichborne, where his ancestors had lived since long before the Norman Conquest. Shortly after he had been recognised, he recovered from the emotional strain of meeting his mother, and from the effects of crossing the Channel the day before, and he spent a week in Paris in her company though he made no effort to see any of his numerous French friends, probably because he had entirely forgotten the French language, which he had spoken much better than English up till the age of fourteen.

* * *

A month after this visit to Paris, the Dowager Lady Tichborne joined her son in the house which he had taken at Croydon pending the lawsuit which would be necessary before the trustees would allow him to take possession of the estates. It was an extraordinary household. Besides the Claimant and his mother, there was his illiterate wife, formerly a domestic servant, their two children and their attractive nurse, Old Bogle, a negro, who had been valet to Sir Roger Tichborne's uncle and who had recognised and been recognised by the missing heir in Sydney, Sir Roger's former batman (he had been an officer in the army for three years) and Sergeant McCann from his old regiment. Other N.C.O.s and men of the Carabineers were always welcome, and after signing affidavits were hospitably entertained by their old officer. Then the former solicitor to the Tichbornes and an antiquarian who had given Sir Roger drawing lessons were always in and out of the house, together with many other zealous supporters. During this trying period the Claimant presided with remarkable calm and dignity, qualities which were enhanced by a personal allowance of twenty cigars and a pint and three-quarters of whisky a day. At intervals he paid visits to various parts of England in order to meet former fellow-officers in his regiment and others who were prepared to swear to his identity, many of whom were ready to give him financial support during his temporary embarrassment. In August, 1867, a preliminary inquiry was held and the Claimant told the story of his being picked up after the wreck of the *Bella*, and of his subsequent existence, but it was established that there were alarming gaps in his memory. He could not remember the houses he had lived in as a boy in Paris or any of his playmates, or the servants, or his masters at Stonyhurst, or his fellow-pupils or the subjects he learned. The general public was, however, impressed by the perfect dignity with which he entered the room with the Dowager on his arm, and courtesy with which he escorted her to the carriage. Unfortunately for the Claimant she died that year before the trial came on, and so did the old family solicitor, who was the most important of his other witnesses. He was thus in a far weaker position when proceedings began.

* * *

A most admirable review of the whole case, which grew more and more extraordinary with every day that it was prolonged, has just been published: *The Tichborne Case*, by Lord Maugham (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.). For the legal management of it was even more astonishing than the evidence of some of the witnesses who were called and particularly of the Claimant himself. The civil proceedings lasted a hundred and two days before the jury intimated that they had heard enough, and cost the defendants no less than ninety-one thousand pounds, while the public prosecution which followed lasted for no less than one hundred and eighty-eight days. It is Lord Maugham's opinion that with skilful handling both trials might have been immensely shortened and made far less expensive. But he does not insist on what appears to me the most vital point in both trials: that proving the Claimant was a liar was really quite irrelevant, for he might be lying and yet be Sir Roger. For really the only explanation of his conduct, if he were Sir Roger, was that he had suffered from loss of memory after the shipwreck and if he had only partially recovered it he might easily be led into making a number of ridiculous statements. Thus all the evidence such as that he had said his brother was educated at Winchester in Yorkshire was irrelevant, though much of it was amusing enough.

> *The Solicitor-General:* Whereabouts in Stonyhurst College were the rooms?—They were on the left.
>
> On the left?—Yes.
>
> Is there more than one quadrangle?—What do you mean by quadrangle? You may have a different meaning.
>
> You used it you know?—Yes.
>
> What did you mean by it?—I meant a staircase, and on that wing of the house.
>
> *The Lord Chief Justice:* What do you say?—I meant the wing of the house, that side of the College.
>
> *The Solicitor-General:* I meant a staircase at that side of the house to be a quadrangle. Do you really mean to say you do not know the meaning of quadrangle?

And shortly afterwards the unfortunate Claimant, who stated he had learned Hebrew, Greek and Latin and forgotten them, said he should think that Cæsar was a Greek author. The weakness of this is that hundreds of shell-shock cases might have said the same, while the physical likeness, which was sworn to by hundreds of honest witnesses who had known Sir Roger, and which is strikingly obvious in the photographs, was left a mystery. For if the case for the defendants was true, it was astonishing that the Claimant who could never have met Sir Roger, or have seen a photograph of him, should have been the man to come forward. Both sides conceded that the Claimant was the man who had called himself De Castro, but the defendants alleged that he was in fact "Bullocky Orton," the son of a Wapping butcher. Yet there were numerous witnesses from Australia who swore to having seen Orton and De Castro in each other's company. The whole case really was settled, or could have been settled, by the evidence from Chile, where young Orton had been befriended by a family of De Castro at a time when Roger Tichborne was serving with his regiment. And it was clinched by the Claimant's secret dealings with the Ortons in London. Yet little things are what influence people's opinion most. I have been told that Whistler was convinced that the Claimant was an impostor until he happened to see him feel for a paper-knife to open a letter in court. The gesture was aristocratic and Whistler was convinced that the Claimant had been educated as a gentleman. The value of this was perhaps slightly undermined by Mr. Anthony Biddulph, Roger Tichborne's second cousin and a strong supporter of the Claimant, who gave evidence that he knew many gentlemen whom from their appearance and illiterate conversation "one would take to be nothing better than pig-jobbers." The whole case was a proof that this was true, but not everyone was as ready to admit it as Mr. Biddulph.

DAVID GARNETT

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THE PUBLISHERS ARE DENTS

BALDWIN AS CLOWN

Stanley Baldwin: Man or Miracle? By BECHHOFER ROBERTS. *Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.*

On the last page of this fat pamphlet against the Prime Minister, Mr. Bechhofer Roberts answers thus the question "Man or Miracle?" which stands on its title page:

> Fate has cast him to play the eternal role of beloved clown in the contemporary political pantomime. . . . He is Whimsical Walker, battered and baffled, the butt and darling of the crowd. Bareback riders may spurn him and the paper hoops which he hesitatingly holds out to them: no matter, he steals their applause when he gallops round the ring, facing tailwards on a piebald pony. He is wound up in carpets, thrown about by professional strong men, rolled in the tan by the performing sea-lions—but the shrewd and dignified ringmaster takes care to thrust him once more into the public eye. Seeking to emulate the trapeze artists, he falls earthwards so clumsily that our breath sticks in our throats; yet always at the last moment he performs a prodigy of self-preservation. And so, when he makes his bow in the very centre of the company, the audience rise to him, sentimentally assuring one another that he is really the most accomplished rider, acrobat and director of them all.

The publisher's "blurb" on the flap of the wrapper says: "Mr. J. L. Garvin recently pointed out in the *Observer* that there was no satisfactory biography of Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Bechhofer Roberts has now filled the gap with this book. . . . Bechhofer Roberts has special qualifications for the task. His biography of the late Lord Birkenhead was one of the most successful books of its kind ever published, and set a fashion in modern political biographies."

The kind of "fashion" he sets is mildly suggested by one of the illustrations, which represents Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin looking out of the window of a railway carriage. The caption is: "Man and Superman?" The taste thus illustrated grows "stronger" as the author warms to his task. Towards the end even Mr. Bechhofer Roberts has a "hunch" that not all readers may find his taste to their taste. He writes: "I have no doubt that, in some quarters, I shall be considered an abominable scoundrel (probably in the pay of the Press Lords, or the 'Diehards,' or the Bolsheviks) for daring to set down in this book a criticism of Baldwin drawn from, and documented by, the facts of his career."

In one respect, at any rate, his suppositions are fanciful. Not even Herr Hitler or Dr. Goebbels could suspect him of being in the pay of the Bolsheviks. How could they when he shows so much devotion to Lord Beaverbrook and especially to Lord Rothermere! In June, 1930, Mr. Baldwin read to a House of Commons meeting a letter from Lord Rothermere to Sir Patrick Hannon saying that Lord Rothermere would support neither Mr. Baldwin nor any other Conservative leader unless Lord Rothermere knew exactly what the policy was going to be, unless he had complete guarantees that such policy would be carried out, and unless he were "acquainted with the names of at least eight or ten of his most prominent colleagues in the next Ministry." Mr. Baldwin denounced this letter as "preposterous and insolent." Later he spoke of an "insolent plutocracy." Whereupon the *Daily Mail* observed:

> These expressions come ill from Mr. Baldwin since his father left him an immense fortune which, so far as may be learned from his own speeches, has disappeared. It is difficult to see how the leader of a party who has lost his own fortune can hope to restore that of anyone else or of his country.

Dealing with this statement Mr. Baldwin said:

> The first part of that statement is a lie, and the second part of that statement is by its implication untrue. The paragraph itself could only have been written by a cad. I have consulted a very high legal authority, and I am informed that an action for libel would lie. I shall not move in the matter for this reason: I should get an apology and heavy damages. The first is of no value, and the second I would not touch with the end of a barge-pole. What the proprietorship of these papers is aiming at is power, and power without responsibility—the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages.

Upon this "slating" of Lord Rothermere Mr. Bechhofer Roberts writes:

> Well, well, well!
>
> The laws of libel are inscrutable but it is curious that Baldwin, who had so frequently referred in public to his personal finances, should have taken umbrage at this reference to them, especially when, as he had recently pointed out, the loss of his fortune was due to reasons which reflected the highest credit on himself. The harlot quotation at the end of the passage is an excellent one, though it might be held by some moralists to apply to every polemical newspaper everywhere, even to those which were supporting Baldwin in Mayfair.

This comment is in keeping with Mr. Bechhofer Roberts' own inquiries into Mr. Baldwin's fortune, the prices of shares in "Baldwin's Ltd" at various periods, and the business activities of Messrs. Baldwin, Father and Son. Apparently such things belong to the "fashion in modern political biographies" which Mr. Bechhofer Roberts is alleged to have "set."

De gustibus non est disputandum. My own taste may be bad. It is certainly not unperverted since I also essayed, six or seven years ago, to resolve the Baldwin enigma. I have no reason to think that my study struck Mr. Baldwin as sympathetic. Others have criticised its "aloofness." Upon what I wrote Mr. Bechhofer Roberts has drawn generously, often with acknowledgments, sometimes without, now and then accepting my statements, usually disparaging or denying them. These are very minor matters. The major matter is to know whether he has dealt fairly with his subject, seeking the truth, setting it down without malice, and bringing us nearer to an understanding of the "Baldwin phenomenon" that has stood in the foreground or lain in the background of British political life these fourteen years.

In substance, all we get is the "clown" theory. It is not enough. Mr. Baldwin may be "sly and good," as he was once said to be by an eminent dame who thought one of his colleagues "sly and bad." He may have been born under a lucky star and have drawn from his luck self-confidence masked by smug humility. Native cunning may prompt him to "go to earth" in a crisis, and to "wait till the clouds roll by." Yet there is something more in him, something not accounted for in Mr. Bechhofer Roberts' closing suggestion that, when Mr. Baldwin went to Westminster, he was a "great loss to the Worcestershire County Council."

An English public man, even if he be three-fifths Celt, cannot lead the Conservative party for half a generation and be thrice Prime Minister without qualities higher than those of a clown or an average County Councillor. Why not admit this? The surviving members of the Lloyd George Coalition Cabinet may share Mr. Bechhofer Roberts' view that Mr. Baldwin's undying sin was the part he played in helping to overthrow them in October, 1922. They may be unable to "drown the memory of that insolence." But the reflection of their, and others', resentment in this pamphlet hardly warrants its publisher's claim that it is a "satisfactory biography of Mr. Baldwin." If and when it is written, that biography will be less spiteful and more enlightening.

WICKHAM STEED

VICTORIAN CHILDHOOD

We Were Seven. By WILLIAM FRYER HARVEY. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

We are—or have been—inclined to talk as if we had snatched childhood from the dungeon and torture-chamber. The Victorian home, the pious home—worst of all, the pious Victorian home—has been evoked as a gloomy, fantastic stronghold of oppression and repression, guarded by Giant Despair and his wife Diffidence in their most sinister aspect—as papa and mamma. We must have legends, and there is a certain poetry in that of the Victorian Father. Only, when an ex-inhabitant of those dark ages publishes a book about them, it turns out nearly always that he had a very good time.

And so it does here. This writer's parentage was of a highly aggravated character—not merely Victorian, but Quaker: not merely Quaker, but actively pious, indefatigable in good works. Mr. and Mrs. Firth disapproved of theatres. They observed First Days. They entertained missionaries. They made war upon drink and gambling. They thought dancing wrong. And *yet* their children had a good time.

For one thing, large families tend to, if there is plenty of money; they not only "secure their own amusement," but make for the freedom—the spiritual freedom, at any rate—of the individual. And then, what parents believe or believe they believe, matters very little; it is by their characters that they make their children wretched or otherwise. And Mr. and Mrs. Firth were not only good people, but as nice as they were good. Mrs. Firth—one can see it in her photograph—was a real charmer, so sweet-natured that it became a joke with her children, and endearingly vague.

> My mother was the perfect listener, her sympathy an irresistible magnet. . . . I shall never forget one day when Miss Jukes was staying with us. In the morning I heard her repeat an anecdote to Miss Jukes. In the evening I heard Miss Jukes repeat the same anecdote, which she said had been told her by a dear friend—one gathered that the friend was now deceased—to my mother, who listened to it entirely forgetful of the fact that the friend was herself.

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New Statesman, 26/9/36

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"Judge not" was a command gratefully obeyed in this household. Principles were strict, yet allowances, in any given case, were always generous. Guy Fawkes, Cardinal Richelieu, and other misguided persons, had "acted according to their lights." In practice, small puritanisms, far from quenching the joy of life for these children, added harmlessly to its romance. For instance, their drill classes had glamour because the mistress taught dancing as well. "Of course she did not teach us dancing, but it was stimulating to meet an actual dancing mistress and to realise that she was poised on a very precipitous slope." Sunday was a day of enjoyment. (We are quite wrong to suppose we have improved it, for children, by making it just like Saturday, only with the shops shut.) The Firth Sunday always began, it is true, with clean clothes, which were disliked. Then came sausages for breakfast:

> They never appeared on any other day. For long I was under the delusion that they were a product of the sea; I pictured the deep sea fishermen, for whom grandmamma knitted woollen comforters, hauling in their nets filled with leaping sausages all silvery in the moonlight. It was true that they apparently had neither eyes nor mouths, but it was also true that they had skins and that those who went down to the sea in ships saw many marvels on the face of the waters. The problem of how sausages lived did not concern me, but Providence.

There was also a special Sunday dinner, and special pastimes which grew "more and more boisterous" as the day wore on. As for Meeting, it was rather a bore, yet an interesting bore. The children do not seem to have been acutely God-conscious; they just accepted. Of course, like most children, they relied on prayer as a magic formula against ill luck.

> I used the opportunity of Sunday morning meeting for reducing the length of my Sunday evening prayers. . . . For, somehow, my evening prayers had become to me a real problem. The trouble was that they tended to get longer and longer, and I could see no way of cutting them short without the people and causes for whom I prayed suffering. . . . It often happened that the missionaries in Madagascar would be remembered by me just before I was falling asleep. Out of bed I would scramble and kneeling down would ask for their protection. The phrase "remembering in prayer" took on a special significance. . . . Eventually I evolved a sort of all-embracing formula which without going into particulars covered an immense number of people and contingencies. My final petition was that I should never see (this was expanded later into "and feel or hear") a ghost. Even if in later life I should in a rash moment pray to see one. . . .

In short, it will be plain that this little book is very like others of its class. That is their charm: they are all, in reality, about each of us. They are extensions of our own childhood, needing only freshness and sincerity to bring them off.

And *We Were Seven* comes off charmingly; if Dr. Harvey's humour were not a shade too punctual, and his style now and then rather laboured, it would be right all through. The "contemporary drawings" by his own hand are very nice. K. JOHN

THE NEW AFRICA

Native Policies in Africa. By L. P. MAIR. *Routledge*, 12*s*. 6*d*.

Ten Africans. By MARGERY PERHAM. *Faber and Faber*. 15*s*.

The influence of the many who frankly doubt the value of democratic forms is strong in African affairs; but it is rather startling to find the writer of *Native Policies in Africa*, avowedly one of these, welcoming the promising experiment of "Indirect Rule" as free from prejudice in favour of democracy, or of what she stigmatises as "progress." Her general account of administration, British, French, Belgian and Portuguese, is serviceable and competent and criticism of the "White Man's Countries" strong and well-supported, though common principles are often swamped in detail; but it seems that a "healthy tribal life," rather than the hopeful development of a backward people, is Miss Mair's objective, and the successful "preservation of Native institutions" her only touchstone of policy. She champions Indirect Rule as completely fulfilling these requirements.

Indirect Rule is so called, she explains, not for any special quality of "indirectness," but because that is the name given to the system devised by Lord Lugard for Nigeria, and extended or adapted by Sir Donald Cameron to Tanganyika. The Governments guided by its principles work through native authorities and, refusing to accept "the encouragement of European enterprise" as their first duty, judge the value of any European contribution solely by the degree to which it helps or hinders "the development of an African society able to participate in the life of the modern world in its own right." This is admirable. Many would agree also that it is a merit in the system that its ultimate result should not be foreseeable: "it is of its essence to confine itself to the problems of the day." Miss Mair however, forgetting this principle, goes on to have the system cut and dried, attained in perfection only in the two happy colonies where it began, understood of very few, and so utterly beyond criticism that her own account is little help in understanding practical difficulties. Though any little I have written about them has been, I thought, appreciative of the merits of the Nigerian and Tanganyikan administrations, to my surprise I find myself honoured by name as an "authority" guilty of heresy—evidently because I have had the temerity sometimes to investigate the Indirect Ruler's approach to problems of social and political development.

We must, it seems, repudiate the idea that even proved European ways can be adopted by Africans without loss, though their own experience is only of a limited tribal economy. As might be expected, we read of attempts to blend "two civilisations." Some of us are so old-fashioned as to believe that civilisation is in fact a blending of the varied experience of many races, and essentially *one*. This dualism is accompanied by a similar confusion about education. Without the three R's there can be little or none of the agricultural and industrial training and improved native production which Miss Mair would seem to look for. But since even in the most "advanced" colonies only a small percentage of the people get any schooling whatever, the first thing needful is more education, *sans phrase*—whereas to her school "European" education, *i.e.*, apparently all "literary" education, is only a rock in the path of Indirect Rule.

Miss Mair expressly repudiates the idea that Indirect Rule is a policy of non-interference. She insists that "finding the chief," as in the South African Protectorates, and to some extent in the Gold Coast and Uganda, has been a mere policy of *laisser faire*, in effect reactionary, and that it has needlessly provoked "educated" opposition. Change is to be very carefully *for* these peoples. Even in South Africa natives are a little misguided to value the franchise. Yet it is hard to see how, under Indirect Rule, the necessary "association" with the Central Government is to be attained except by some form of representation. For, in sober fact, the educated Africans, and the discontents they reflect, are an integral part of the existing situation. "Certainly," Miss Mair admits, "they are anxious to do their share in uplifting their country." "But," she continues, "would they be as anxious if it was a share not involving power, prestige, and a salary much higher than the income of a villager?" That question I think she must let the students at her own University answer.

In Africa, as in older countries, part of the difficulty of the semi-educated is the lack of outlet for their energies. Miss Mair, though at least once admitting that African revenues are insufficient for African needs—so that by implication development is absolutely necessary—almost completely shirks the real "problems of contact." Conditions in Northern Rhodesia, for example, prove "only that . . . no form of development remains possible in which the cohesion of Native society can be preserved." Little attention is given to stresses within, even where African institutions have had their chance, under Indirect Rule; while Kenya, the two Rhodesias, and Nyasaland, as well as the Union, are alike merely dismissed as lost—"White Man's Countries." I had hoped myself that, directly or indirectly, the Indirect Rule colonies have a good deal to teach them.

Miss Margery Perham's book provides a useful and in parts lively companion to this rather theoretical discussion. She has had the bright idea of collecting the life stories of ten Africans. Their experience is varied enough to give a good "cross-section" of Africa. From the human side the picture will appeal both to those who do not know Africa and to those who do and can read between the lines. One or two of the recorders lose the individual in not very illuminating tribal lore. But there is no mistaking the humanity, the roguish humour, of wise and genuine old fellows like Udo Akpabio, a solid West African headman, or even of a pleasant *schelm* like Rashid Bin Hassani—slave, sergeant major, traveller, and a good many things besides. The experiences of the more primitive Africans, as here described, still less the verdict on them of the "advanced" Africans who tell their own story, will not much help Miss Mair's thesis of the adequacy of native institutions. The stories will, on the other hand, leave little doubt that when "adaptation" has done its worst the African will remain an African—not, as many profess to fear, a mere "imitation European." W. M. MACMILLAN

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GOODBYE TO DEMOCRACY

Farewell to Rousseau. By CLAUD SUTTON. *Christopher.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Sutton comes to pronounce the doom of Liberal democracy in the name of what, I think, may be fairly described as an idealist Fascism. He has nothing but contempt for the parliamentary system; and he thinks pretty poorly of the average man. The future belongs to the leader who will speak in the name of that natural aristocracy which possesses those biological genes entitling them to rule. Locke and Rousseau put the world on the wrong track. The crisis of democracy is the inevitable breakdown of their views. The rationalistic, equalitarian view of mankind simply will not work. We can only rely upon the great man who will pin his faith to an imperative for which he is prepared to die. The crisis is an ethical one; and it is largely born of the wrong-headed trust we have had in the common man whose genes do not possess the fundamental quality of leadership. Mr. Sutton knew on historical grounds that this was so; and his lamentable experience of the common man's ignorance during a canvass of the Peace Ballot confirmed his belief that the day of representative government was over.

All this is set in the framework of wide, if indiscriminate, reading and an occasional flash of caustic comment on politicians. It is accompanied by a characteristic preface from Dean Inge, who is as dogmatic as he is irresponsible. We hear from him of the "huge parasitic class" which lives on "doles and cinemas." We are told of government by mass-suggestion which "reveals an utter contempt for the intelligence of the electorate." The herd is ignorantly opposed to vital changes. The executive is weak before such "sectional treason" as that of the Trade Union leaders in the general strike. The tax-payers are "virtually disfranchised." The State is the victim of selfish interest-groups whose rivalry destroys its ethos. Liberty has gone; the democratic ideal is an illusion. The only cure is "to be ruled by an ascetic community of carefully selected and intensively trained supermen, removed from all possibility of maladministration in their own interests." But, alas, Plato's guardians are not an earthly possibility.

It is difficult to know what to make of all this; for most of it is presented in the form of assertion rather than argument. We can all agree that liberal democracy is sick. But to explain that sickness I fear that a good deal more is needed than anything with which Mr. Sutton provides us. Why did liberal democracy arise? He does not tell us. Is it really sufficient to say that the wrong men are ruling with the wrong institutions? What is the test of a right man? Is it survival? Is it the ability to grasp power? If the latter, for what end is the power to be used? On all this, Mr. Sutton is very caustic and emphatic, but I do not think he is very clear. He appears to admire the strong man because he is strong. He has a liking for anyone who, like Lenin or Hitler or Mussolini or Roosevelt, is emphatic in speech. He thinks that ordinary men ought to keep in their proper place; but he gives us no criteria by which to decide how his proper place can be known. He wants some freedom of speech but not such freedom as will disturb order. He wants us to recognise that success in government consists in "stimulating the hidden springs of exuberant life." That cannot be achieved by mass-voting. It can only be achieved when men with the genes of leadership are in charge.

It all appears to amount to the fact that if we get a good governing class in charge it will see to it that things go well; and the condition of its emergence is to pack up the liberal books and replace them by treatises which, like Mr. Sutton's, prepare men to believe that they should not aspire beyond their proper stations. His book appears to have given Dean Inge great satisfaction. Others will doubt whether this is a sufficient reason for its publication.

H. J. LASKI.

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* *Britain without Capitalists* (8*s.* 6*d.*). The authors are necessarily anonymous. The book, just published, has created a quiet sensation. The people it impresses are not given to shouting. But they, like the authors, are important.

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REGRETTING THE REFORMATION

Characters of the Reformation. By HILAIRE BELLOC. *Sheed and Ward.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Luther. By F. FUNCK-BRETANO. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The recreation of a certain University lecturer is declared in "Who's Who?" to be "regretting the Reformation." This melancholy hobby appeals strongly to Mr. Belloc, for whom milk spilled four centuries ago is still worth a tear. That the history of the Reformation is worth continual study, and more particularly so at the present time, few will be disposed to question. But to claim, as the modern school of popular Catholic biography persistently claims, that but for that unfortunate accident Europe would to-day enjoy cultural and political unity, is to ignore not only all historical tendencies but also that very element of chance which so intrigues Mr. Belloc. Of Mary Tudor he writes that "a few more years of persecution would almost certainly have been successful" in reclaiming England for the Faith and thus altering the whole European balance as between Catholic and Protestant. But these "ifs" of history are treacherous. If Lucas Cranach had not fallen ill in 1539, Holbein would not have been called in by the Duke of Cleves to paint his daughter's portrait. The difference which that might have made to the hesitating fancy of Henry VIII is a matter for after-dinner speculation rather than for historical pleading.

But Mr. Belloc, even though he chooses to write down to his public, pleads readably enough. From Henry VIII, his wives and councillors, through the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, James I and the Protectorate, with continental glances at Henry IV, Ferdinand II, Richelieu and the rest, he brings us at last to Louis XIV, in whose reign the compromise which he deplores was finally effected. By a just portrait such as that of More, by a slick and superficial one such as that of Elizabeth, by a liberal use of clichés, the reader is lulled into a mood of easy acceptance until he wakes up with a start to find, for instance, that the battles of Nordlingen, Zirndorf (Fürth) and Lützen, well enough separated by geography and history, have merged confusedly in the mist in which Gustavus Adolphus was killed. As a very holy Polish priest observed on his death-bed to Mr. Belloc, *Etre Catholique, c'est tout.*

It is a little strange that Luther should not figure among these twenty-three "Characters of the Reformation," but the defect is supplied by a full-length study of the German reformer from M. Frantz Funck-Brentano. The book is as little as possible concerned with doctrine, for it is the man that interests this enthusiastic Frenchman. Indeed he might well have pruned his pages of some of their repetitions to make room for something more than a mention of the Schmalkaldic League, or for so little as a mention of the Confession of Augsburg. But he has come as near as any recent biographer to making credible this extraordinary servant of his

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time, with his extravagances and inconsistencies, his tolerance towards Jews and atheists and his bloodthirsty fury towards the extreme left wing of his own movement, his outbursts of coarse invective and his moods of sweet gentleness. That this is no small achievement must be apparent when we consider that Luther, whose Augustinian doctrine of predestination first flashed upon him in the privy, could declare that God often acts like a fool and that Christ was on three occasions guilty of adultery, and yet could inspire men all over Europe to fight and die for the new Confession. M. Funck-Brentano makes no attempt to follow Protestant apologists in their calumniations of Tetzel, and is perfectly content to paint Luther warts and all. In dwelling upon Luther's achievements as a writer and in emphasising above other considerations his position as a German, he establishes the issues with which he deals in a historical perspective which most readers will regard as correct. And yet, if Clement had seen fit to stretch a point in Henry's favour, or if the Marian persecution had lasted another year or two, we might now regret the Reformation little more than the Albigensian heresy. But then, of course, Luther firmly expected the world to come to an end in 1560, and must not be given too much responsibility for subsequent events. FRANCIS WATSON

AN ECONOMIC LEAGUE

The Struggle for Peace. By STAFFORD CRIPPS. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

As a speaker Sir Stafford Cripps is effective; he is so obviously the most disinterested of politicians and his argument is always honest, clear and cogent. But the art of writing is different from the art of speaking, as anyone knows who has tried to read the speeches of great politicians from Mr. Gladstone downwards. Consequently Sir Stafford does not do himself or his ideas justice when he strings together his speeches in book form. There are eloquent passages and plenty of close-knit argument, but the result is an undistinguished book. The style is abstract; it flows on with scarcely an illustration or striking fact to give it reality. But a large part of the art of writing is to be concrete. Conscious of this weakness, Sir Stafford has added a second part to his book —a compilation of "references" provided by Mr. Michael Foot. These are the excellent illustrations and useful facts which, if they had been embodied in the main argument, would have given flesh and blood to Sir Stafford's general propositions about the armament race, about the methods used in building up the British Empire, the value of colonies, the various capitalist methods of creating scarcity, the use of diplomacy as a weapon in economic war, and other aspects of the working of present-day capitalism. As it is, we have the skeleton first, with the flesh and blood offered as an afterthought. Consequently, neither the first nor second part has life.

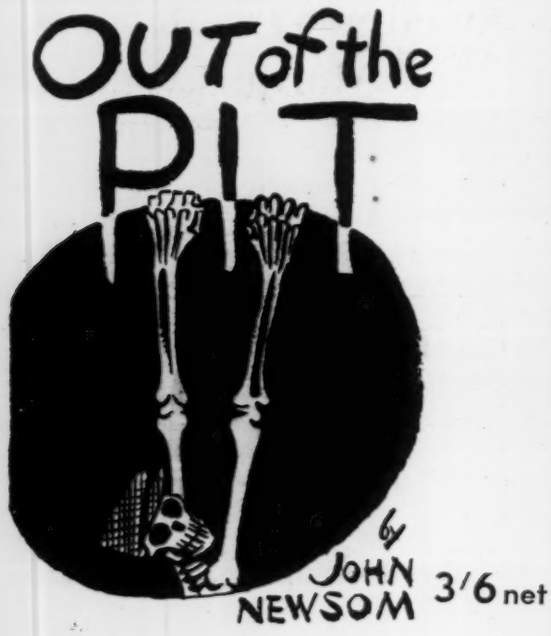
The thesis of the book is very similar to that of Mr. Brailsford's *Towards a New League*. It is an analysis of the failure of the League, an explanation of why capitalist sovereign powers would co-operate for peace, and the plea that Labour's principal objective should be to form a group of States within the League who would defend one another because their economic interests would be closely united. Such a group would be attractive and would grow, because membership of the group would carry with it substantial economic benefits as well as a means of defence against aggression from outside powers. There are thousands of people inside the Labour movement who agree with all this, and have only differed from Sir Stafford Cripps in the last two years on the question of tactics. He has been so sure that the National Government would betray the League—and he proved right—that he regards the whole idea of collective security as a trick to obtain Labour acquiescence for policies to which it is opposed. To-day, with the example of Abyssinia in front of us, and with every prospect of Labour leadership taking the party into the trap into which they fell after Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at the last election, Sir Stafford Cripps' sermon has relevancy and cogency which the Left-wing elements in the party will increasingly recognise.

OUR POTENTIAL WEALTH

Tools of To-morrow. By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD. *Routledge. 5s.*

Fascinating to the schoolboy and enlightening to the political thinker, this book deserves an enormous sale. It is an account by a technician of what he and his fellows are doing, and could do, to increase and cheapen production. Mr. Leonard shows the prodigious richness of the earth in sources of power, coal, oil, water, and tides; the prodigious productivity of modern machinery, continually increasing with the discovery of new alloys; and the prodigious difference between our actual and our potential use of these resources. Nationalism and the vested interests of the profit system are the obstacles responsible for this difference: and if these could be removed, all mankind, he maintains, would soon be in the position of slave-owners, with machinery doing almost all the servile work. This theory is, of course, not new, and probably Mr. Leonard is very over-confident, but he states his case remarkably well. His account of the motor car industry is of particular interest. He declares that the cost of selling motor cars ranges from 40 to 75 per cent. of the list price; also that the private car (not the lorry) could be made twice as durable at a negligible increase of cost, if the manufacturers were not afraid of destroying the "replacement market." He insists that a car as practical as the present mass-produced models (and much more durable) could be sold for £40. And that this figure could be made smaller still if aluminium were not kept artificially at a price absurdly higher than the cost of its production.

As an engineer, Mr. Leonard leaves the problem of unemployment caused by machinery to other technicians, but he maintains that it is only lack of good will in the governing classes which prevents this problem being solved. Probably he exaggerates the advantages which humanity would derive from the increases in production, in consumption, and in leisure, which he declares to be possible. Until applied psychology makes advances comparable to those made by applied physics and chemistry, the human capacity for the enjoyment of leisure remains limited. A working week of less than thirty hours would not necessarily be a benefit. Moreover, the pleasure derived from the use of machinery is limited: moving from one place to the other merely for the sake of moving is a recreation of which one quickly tires. It is not merely priggish to believe that more satisfaction is obtainable from using one's mind than from owning one's car. The engineer's Utopia might be an inferno of boredom, and



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WILLIAM PLOMER
discusses the subject-matter of the contemporary novel.

LORD EUSTACE PERCY, M.P.
reviews Sir Stafford Cripps' new book in the form of an open letter to the author.

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Poems by Ernst Toller, the German expressionist playwright now in exile, are translated by W. H. Auden, with a specially drawn portrait of Toller in photogravure.

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Mr. Leonard's book suggests to us the possibility of a world in which an exclusive aristocracy alone has the right to work, while the majority of the population are maintained in comfortable but profoundly unhappy idleness. But it will be time enough to face these difficulties when we have attained a forty-hour week and abolished poverty. Mr. Leonard's book is implicitly one of the most lively indictments yet made of the present economic system. It also is so full of fascinating facts about machinery that the most unpolitical-minded person would read it with delight and excitement. R. M.

HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS

The Highlands of Scotland. By HUGH QUIGLEY. Photographs by R. M. ADAM. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

Historic Haunts of Scotland. By ALEXANDER MACLEHOSE. With 107 illustrations by R. M. ADAM and WALTER K. R. NEILSON. *Maclehose.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Hugh Quigley is that rare phenomenon—a Scotsman who writes well about the Highlands. He describes his book as "a series of impressions of the finest parts of the Highlands seen with the appreciative eye of the ordinary cultured individual with some knowledge of artistic, literary, even economic and industrial backgrounds, with few traditions and few inherited prejudices." This sums up the book very fairly, save, perhaps, that the term "impressions"—which has come to be associated with a flabby sort of descriptive journalism—is hardly just to deeply informed and well-wrought essays which are expository rather than descriptive. Mr. Quigley, when he takes you to the Cairngorms or the Grampians or the Hebrides, is not greatly concerned to tell you what you will see, but how to see and understand it, much as an acute critic will make you see the meaning of a picture. The place of pure description is supplied by the camera of his coadjutor, Mr. R. M. Adam.

If for nothing else Mr. Quigley's book would be worthy of a high place in the literature of the Highlands in virtue of the prefatory chapter. Starting from a discriminating review of the pictorial treatment of the Highland landscape from Copley Fielding to the present day, he passes on to consider how the landscape has been modified by social and economic changes, in particular the effects of deforestation. He abhors the "Balmoralisation" of the Highlands as much as (say) Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid, but he cheers one by his conviction that the vile thing is already moribund. In another generation the age of deer forests, shooting-tenants and bogus Highland Gatherings will be a thing of the past, and "tourisme" will bring the same prosperity to the Highlands as it has brought to Switzerland—a sensible if not entrancing prospect.

> The poetical sampler of curiosities and the devotee of desolate spaces may lament the humanising of the Highlands, but it is a landscape that gains from human association . . . . The Highlands can become the greatest playground in Europe . . . Free from unintelligent exploitation and brought into intimate contact with contemporary life, they can be a supremely happy region, vivid with human activity yet remote under a sky which is for ever changing in form and colour.

To judge by some of the remarks in his preface, Mr. Quigley would not think highly of Mr. Maclehose's book, which is cast upon the lines of that blameless Victorian entertainment—the lecture with limelight views. As in the case of its prototype, the views are the best of it. Like Mr. Quigley, Mr. Maclehose has Mr. R. W. Adam to furnish him his landscapes, and Mr. Neilson's architectural drawings are not unpleasing. The letterpress indicates some places of interest not usually found in guide-books, e.g., Provand's Lordship, one of the few ancient buildings that Glasgow has managed to preserve—a humble lodging, but historic in that its walls saw Mary Stuart pen the most damning of the Casket Letters.

LONDON STREET MARKETS

The Street Markets of London. By MARY BENEDETTA. Photographs by L. MOHOLY-NAGY. *John Miles.* 7s. 6d.

There are ninety-two street markets in London, twenty-six of which are described in this book and the others listed. The general market, with its two lines of stalls occupying a crowded side street, is much the same everywhere, the taste for vegetables, fruit, rabbits, cat's meat, novelettes, and artificial silk stockings being little subject to variation. Most of the London markets are of this type; a few, however, are distinctive. Petticoat Lane on Sunday morning and the Caledonian Market on a Friday are scenes which draw the tourist as well as the bargain-hunter; and, being the most varied and the noisiest, they are perhaps the best. Berwick Street (dresses, perfumery), Club Row (livestock) and Hoxton Street (toys) in Shoreditch, Farringdon Street (old books), Shepherd's Bush (tropical fish), Kingston (plants and flowers) are less spectacular and delightful to chance on; though Farringdon Street may seem dingy compared, say, with the Seine book-quay, and there is nothing in London so odd or so enchanting as the stamp market under the trees in the Champs-Elysées.

Miss Benedetta gives a lively and detailed account of the principal markets. It is fascinating to know that one can buy a good fiddle for a few shillings in Petticoat Lane, telescopes in Farringdon Street, monkeys in Club Row, old pistols and carved cradles in the Caledonian Market. The chapter on the economics of street-trading might have been rather fuller. In 1930 the number of licensed pitches was over 10,000. A stall-holder pays a licence-fee of half a crown a week and very often his pitch is inherited; profits vary from £5 a week to a few shillings; most street-traders apparently make a comfortable living, though the work is hard and hours long. They have to meet the competition of chain stores and the unlicensed prowling barrow; there is always the threat, too, of being "cleaned up" under some plan of street improvement. The Caledonian Market—obsolete as a cattle market—is being threatened at the moment. But there are many more facts which the reader of this book would like to know. Where do these small traders buy their goods and how much do they pay for them? Few of them apparently own a horse or a pony; do they trundle barrows all night from Hoxton to Covent Garden or Billingsgate and back? More space, too, might have been given to the history of street markets. One of the most charming squares in London until recently was Cumberland Market, near Mornington Crescent, originally a corn market supplied by the Regent's Canal; Miss Benedetta does not mention it. *The Street Markets of London* is, however, a very readable book, and its information must have cost a good deal of research on foot. An index for buyers and sixty full-page photographs by Mr. Moholy-Nagy add greatly to its attractiveness.

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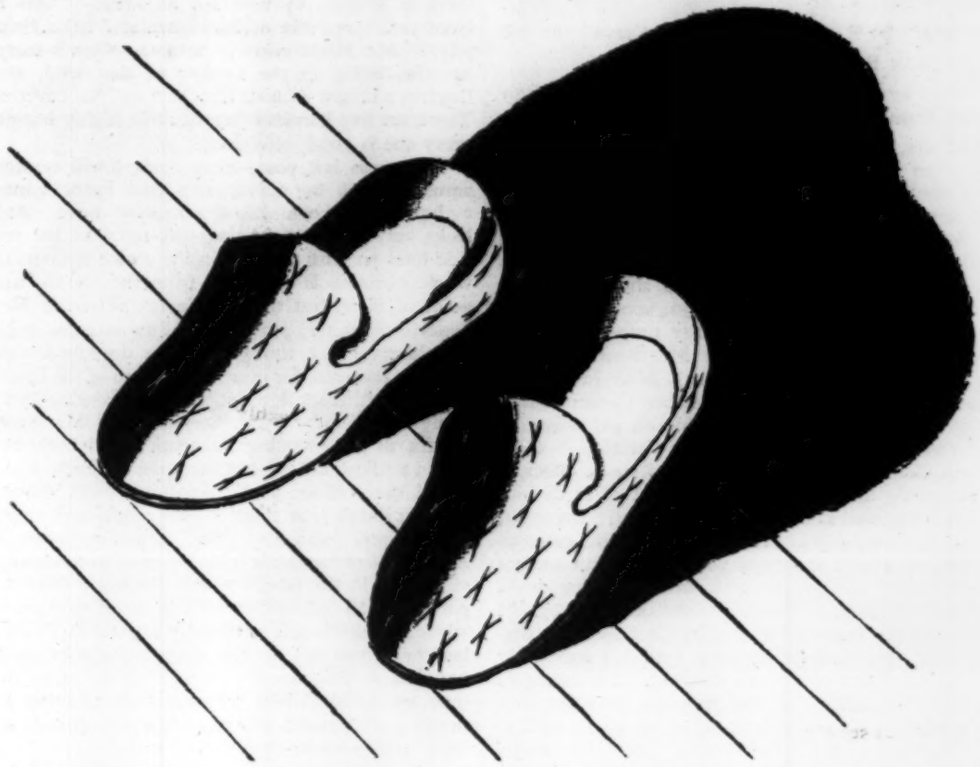

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NEW NOVELS

Shining Scabbard. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.
High Wall. By ALAN R. CLARK. *Joseph.* 7s. 6d.
365 Days. Edited by KAY BOYLE, LAURENCE VAIL and NINA CONARAIN. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

The language of Art, though officially ageless and international, has in practice often a very noticeable accent. When this is genuine, it is charming, when it is assumed who shall judge? One supposes it is only a moral scruple that makes one feel that a realistic novel by an Englishman, written and published in England, should reflect experiences that might fall to such a person as one imagines the author to be and should have an English, or at least, should not have a foreign, accent. This is too subjective a criticism to be very seriously propounded, but one must allow it has some force. Shall Mr. Smith get full marks for his Pope-like Alexandrines? Shall Miss Jones earn alphas with something that reads like a Constance Garnett translation of Tchehov? Shall Mr. R. C. Hutchinson get whatever prize you have in mind to offer for his *Shining Scabbard*? Only the individual can decide, for *Shining Scabbard* is, in effect, a French novel brilliantly translated at the moment of birth into English. The subject, as well as the manner, is French; the story, the foundations of which are laid in French provincial life, emerges out of a scaffolding of grand sentences which cross and recross with superb effect. In Baulon, a small manufacturing town between Paris and the Rhine (and too close to the latter for comfort in those years before the bombardment) Eugène Severin, a disgraced soldier, lives in proud decrepitude with his incredibly ancient mother, his sister and two of his children. For moments he is sane, but for the most part he sits befogged, brooding over the thirty-year-old military scandal as a result of which he had been degraded for cowardice. The arrival from Equatorial Africa of his soldier son's octoroon wife with two small children—one a boy who has already a sort of mystical dread of his grandfather's martial obsession—only emphasises the crumbling effect in his old house in the Place Talleyrand. Mr. Hutchinson seems to know his nightmare house almost as well as its rabid inhabitants, and with so much of realism and so much of irony he sets them there in France, to wait for Sarajevo. "One is sorry for the Germans," says one of his characters, "the French are without pity." Mr. Hutchinson is ruthless. One is sorry indeed for the Severins living in the shadow of that wild, almost Arthurian, Eugène, a knight without fear, perhaps, but covered with reproach. There are five hundred pages in this highly imaginative book and every one is good solid work.

There was last year—most readers will remember it—a most amusing book by a journalist who spent some months in an asylum getting over his dipsomaniac ways. At first *High Wall* looks very much like being just more of the same entertaining side lines on what goes on inside a nice modern nut-house. The whole business is described from the see-all, hear-all, novelist's point of view, but the experiences of young Mr. Stephens (the fictional character) coming out of an amnesiac void to find himself in a hospital bed, though they are described with more effort to impress, do not differ much from those of the jittery Mr. Seabrook. The asylum, from descriptions of its routine and incident, might easily be the same. Mr. Stephens and Mr. Seabrook both took fancies to good-looking attendants, and both had some trouble with a medical officer—but there the similarity ends; Mr. Seabrook found the Asylum perfect, nothing went wrong there—or if it did you didn't hear about it—the whole system was utterly steady and unimpressionable. Mr. Stephens found otherwise. Mr. Alan R. Clark has made it his business to describe the development of a crack in the fabric, which, though at first it appears to be a particularised little affair without much relation to the book as a whole, suddenly and crashingly expands. From the end, if you look back, you can see the clues, planted to show the author did not cheat. They are a bit unfair, all the same, for from the front they are made to look just like a lot of other ha-has about the psychopathic world, and their true import only appears when the light catches them in a special way.

365 Days is a story a day for a year. The editors, in their introduction, suggest that the book be treated as a photograph album—the reader is advised to look at the monthly indices and pick out days by the imitation newspaper headlines there. But as looking at a great many photographs is much less strain than reading even a very short story, this is not much help, to the reader, who, since each story lasts only one page, requires a fresh orientation every page. Possibly one might do it a week at a time, possibly a month a day, but brain fever is likely to be the only reward for anyone foolhardy enough to attempt to go straight through with it. The stories themselves are necessarily snappy, most of them content to create an atmosphere rather than to tell a story. Each has, in addition to its quite arbitrary date, a geographical position almost as arbitrary. The limitations of the "form" have produced a lot of witty snippets and quite a few macabre episodes. Suicide is the most popular subject. The contributors are mostly (a guess) young. Not many of the names are famous—some are probably better known in America than here.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Tiger Hunters. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. G. BURTON. *Hutchinson.* 12s. 6s.

In this pleasant book of reminiscence General Burton looks back upon his childhood in India, his schooldays in England, his early army experiences in Jamaica and Barbadoes, and his long years of service in India. The old hunter, whose tiger books are famous, returns again to his hunting and to the vivid descriptions of the Indian wild that give all his hunting stories their lively and exciting background. But many as are the hunting stories in this book, there is nothing better in it than the opening chapter in which he tells us of his life as child and boy in a lonely cantonment, where as the Colonel's son, born in the regiment, he was the young lord of all he surveyed.

Human Life in Russia. By DR. EWALD AMMENDE. Introduction by LORD DICKINSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Dr. Ammende, who has recently died, was an Esthonian journalist and publicist who took an active part in many forms of famine relief work in Russia and elsewhere. In this book, which purports to describe conditions in the U.S.S.R., especially in the period following the collectivisation of agriculture, he disclaims all propagandist purpose, and repeatedly stresses his purely humanitarian aims. His work is, however, in fact a fierce polemic against Communism and all its works, illustrated by numerous photographs of starved victims of the famine in the Ukraine and Volga regions. These photographs are terrible; but Dr. Ammende's text is less calculated to further his declared intention of securing international help for the victims than to stir up anti-

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IT now seems probable that the attitude of the Russian people to their neighbours will determine the course of world history next year, and it is important that this attitude should be properly understood here. Sir Bernard Pares, a Russian-speaking Englishman with a knowledge of the old regime and some natural prejudice against the new, visited Moscow this year and returns to give in his book *Moscow Admits a Critic* the most concise and up-to-date survey at present available of conditions and opinion there.

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Bolshevik feeling. Whether this is merely the reflection of his own strong sympathy with the sufferers, as he maintains, or whether the book is to be regarded rather as anti-Soviet propaganda in humanitarian guise, the present reviewer knows too little of Dr. Ammende to be able to say. But if its object is in fact purely humanitarian, its tone is assuredly unfortunate. Even if the facts of the famine which followed collectivisation were as bad as Dr. Ammande makes them out to be, and even if his allegations of continuing starvation among the "non-privileged" classes in the Soviet Union have substance, it is difficult to imagine that his book could serve its alleged humanitarian purpose. Its tone must utterly alienate all sympathisers with the Soviet Union; and among Russia's opponents it is far more likely to encourage such sentiments as Dr. Goebbels and Herr Hitler have recently uttered than to set going any effective measures of relief.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

HAVING two months' records to deal with in one article compels me to brevity on each single count. I will begin, then, by recommending to your especial attention new recordings of the Beethoven *Violin Concerto*, the Tchaikovsky *Fourth Symphony* and the Brahms *Second Symphony*. In the first, by Huberman and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Georg Szell (Col. LX509–13), the *cantabile* passages are ideally played; but in the brilliant moments the soloist seems to falter and go out of tune. The orchestra plays magnificently. On the whole, I do not find that the first movement of this work wears at all well; it is far too extended for the material, which has the depressing squareness of Beethoven's middle period. Koussevitzky's conducting of the Tchaikovsky (with the Boston Symphony Orchestra: H.M.V. DB2899–2903) brings out the passionate melancholy in the work better than Stokowski's earlier version; but it is less fiery and there is something of an echo in the *tutti*. The Brahms, on the other hand, which is the work of Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Col. LX515–9), is almost perfect; if not the best of Brahms' symphonies, the first movement retains its power to ravish, especially on the concluding page, to which Sir Thomas does full justice. There are probably some people who will prefer Haydn's *Symphony in C Minor, No.* 95, to all three foregoing works; it shows the composer in serious mood and recalls early Beethoven. The performance, by the London Symphony Orchestra and Sir Hamilton Harty, is fully adequate (Decca K798–9). Bruno Walter is, I think, the greatest living conductor of the *Leonora Overture, No.* 3; he treats it as the essentially dramatic movement it is, and this recording, by the Vienna Philharmonic (H.M.V. DB2885–6), is extremely fine. It is doubtful if another recording of the *Siegfried Idyll* is wanted at this moment; but this one, by Selmar Meyrowitz and the Grande Orchestre Symphonique de Paris (Col. DX739–40), is good value for the money and not noticeably "French," though the balance of instruments is imperfect. Quite specially welcome is a record of Sibelius' little-known *Romance in C* for Strings, played by the Boyd Neel String Orchestra (Decca K831). This is a work which gains in charm at every hearing; it might be the slow movement from one of Sibelius' later symphonies and has none of the obvious vulgarity of so much of his slighter music. In quite a different way I much enjoyed Liadov's *Enchanted Lake*, a short symphonic impression played with suitable delicacy, by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (H.M.V. DB2896). It sounds like an orchestrated piano piece and one feels that the composer might with advantage have extended his material; but it is delightful, for all that. Vaughan-Williams' Overture to *The Wasps* hardly requires recommendation; it is a robust, early work, full of good tunes and here extremely well played by the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood (Decca K821–2). The fourth side contains the little *Fantasia on Green Sleeves*. This account of orchestral records may be rounded off with mention of two overtures little known in this country, but likely to be popular: Wolf-Ferrari's *Secret of Susanna* and Reznicek's *Donna Diana*, played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Robert Heger (Parl. E11305). Both are sparkling, tuneful, "busy" music of the *Bartered Bride* overture order, good for filling up an idle moment when you have no time to listen to a longer work.

Chamber Music recordings include two works of considerable importance. The first of these is Schubert's "*Trout*" *Quintet*, played by members of the Pro Arte Quartet with Artur Schnabel (H.M.V. DB2714–8). It is a long time since this lovely work was recorded and H.M.V. are to be congratulated on the ensemble which they have secured to interpret it. For it needs interpretation; its deep simplicity does not yield itself to a "straight" performance, and for this reason I myself got much pleasure from Schnabel's original playing of the piano part, which to others has seemed affected and pretentious. The lyricism of Alban Berg is of a more arcane order than that of Schubert, but it is too early yet to say that it is less genuine; in any case, his *Lyric Suite* is one of the few atonal works which seems to have made an agreeable impression on the general public. Even so, I cannot pretend that it is easy music to listen to, nor that it gives me personally much pleasure, though its appeal is mainly emotional, as the title suggests. Like his master Schönberg, Berg represents, in an obscure form, the final run-out of nineteenth-century romanticism. The ghostly flicker and flutter of the *allegro misterioso* is interesting, considered purely as sound, and the *adagio appassionato* has a certain intensity, recalling Bartók. The rendering, by the Galimir String Quartet (Decca CA8244–7), seems very good—far the best thing this ensemble has yet done. Let us turn, unpuckering our brows, to Mozart's masterly *Quartet in E Flat* (K428), of which the Pro Arte Quartet gives a superb account (H.M.V. DB2820–2). And to Brahms' *Piano Trio in C Minor* (Op. 101), one of its composer's most characteristic works, which should be popular with all sorts of people, especially in this excellent recording, by the Budapest Trio (Decca K828–30). And to the second volume of Chopin *Polonaises*, quite perfectly played by Arthur Rubinstein (H.M.V. DB2497–500). This includes the Polonaise in A Flat (Op. 53), the lovely and rather strange Polonaise-Fantaisie in A Flat, and the Grande Polonaise and Andante Spianato. It is impossible to speak too highly of these records, which must remain a model of interpretation for years to come.

Be sure you do not miss the B.B.C. Chorus' recording of Peter Warlock's *Corpus Christi* (Decca K827); it is an extraordinarily beautiful and moving little work, recalling Delius at his best, with something else besides. I cared much less for the *Cornish Christmas Carol* on the obverse. Tiana Lemnitz's recording of Wagner's *Dreams* and *In the Hothouse* is also worth acquiring, for the beautifully pure tone of the singer, who rightly treats the songs as *Lieder*, and not, as so many singers do, as operatic arie. But I am sorry that the accompaniment was not orchestral (Decca CA8253). The song-setting of Kreisler's perennial Caprice

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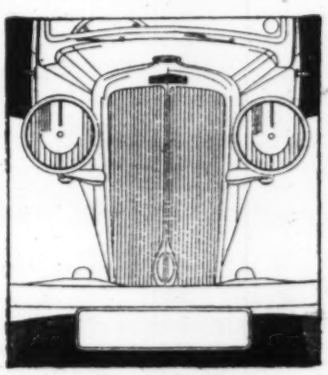

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Viennois, *Learn How to Lose*, does not come off at all in the hands of Grace Moore (Br. 02234), but with Tauber it becomes what it was always meant to be—a whole box of Turkish Delight—in comparison with Miss Moore's doubtful caramels (RO20311).

Dance Music. The best version of *You* for dancing seems to be that of Roy Fox (H.M.V. BD5082); but there is a quieter, very well orchestrated rendering by Lew Stone (Decca F6020). Ambrose has two excellent numbers, *Wood and Ivory* (Decca F6052) and *Free* (Decca F6053); the latter has *Take My Heart* on the obverse, but the best version of this tune—and there are many—seemed to me to be Eddie Duchin's (H.M.V. BD5101). For sentimental reasons, *It's Been So Long* and *You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes*, sung by Carroll Gibbons with the Savoy Orpheans (Col. FB1463) is very good indeed, and so is *The State of My Heart*, played by Guy Lombardo (H.M.V. BD5088). *Save Me, Sister* is a good tough bit of Cab Calloway (Br. 02259); while Ambrose's concert arrangement of *Falling Leaves* and *Piccadilly* (Decca K820) can be recommended to amateurs of the more pretentious kind of jazz. *In the Hills of Old Wyomin'*, played by Jack Harris and his band (Decca F6022), you will like—if you like that sort of thing. Finally, to those who enjoy really funny imitations, I thoroughly recommend Arthur Marshall's monologues, *Showing the School* and *The Games Mistress*; they are a scream (Col. DB1652). EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 341

Set by A. Emil Davies

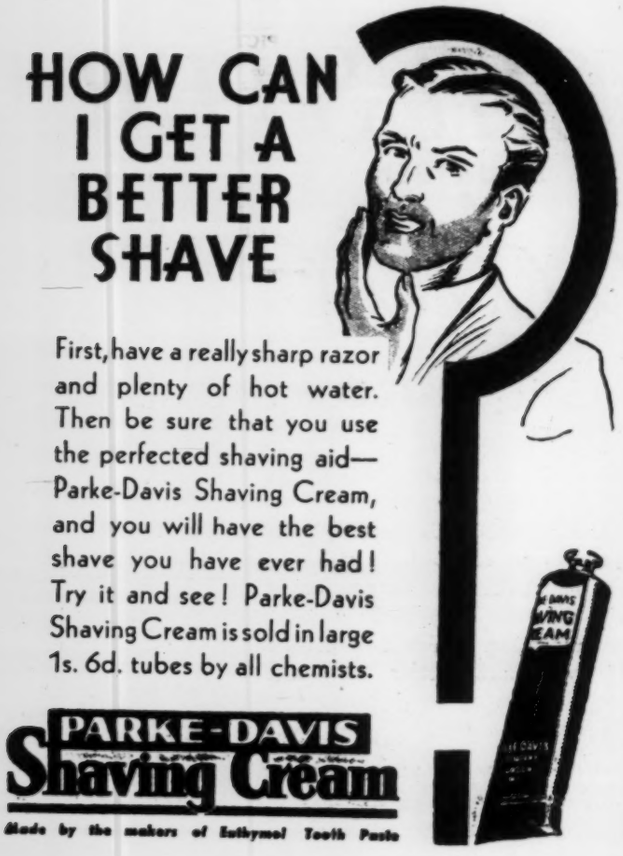
A leading politician is due to broadcast to the nation on a matter of vital importance. On his arrival the dismayed officials realise that the great man is more than slightly inebriated, a condition clearly indicated by his utterances. He assures them bluntly, however, that he is not too drunk to read his speech.

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for the best and most plausible explanation (not exceeding 50 words) given by the announcer, preparing the vast body of listeners for what is to follow.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 2.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 339

Set by Flora Grierson

"It is significant that titles are in many cases quotations: *Time is Whispering, The Crystal Cabinet, Antic Hay*. . . . Titles suggest much in little; they are at once a label and an enigma."—George Rylands, *Words and Poetry*.

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for six quotations suitable as titles for novels of the six following types:

(1) A modern love-story set in England.
(2) A detective novel.
(3) An American gangster novel.
(4) A psychological novel.
(5) A Communist propaganda novel.
(6) A Fascist propaganda novel.

We suggest that the title should be two, three, or more words from a longer quotation, which will appear on the title-page and indicate the manner of the book. As, for example, Aldous Huxley's *Proper Studies*—"The proper study of Mankind is Man" (Pope).

Report by Flora Grierson

Due to some peculiar prejudice that competitions should be treated comically, I assumed, when the entries to my competition arrived, that I was in for an hilarious week-end. I was not. The quantity of the competitors was most gratifying, the quality rather less so; wit was, on the whole, conspicuous by its absence. However, if there were no outstanding winners, very few entries gave the dank impression that they had been perpetrated, as some people go to church, because it is the thing to do at week-ends. Almost all of us, I concluded, had it in us to write ONE good novel title.

I shall give no complete list, but here are a bunch of the titles I liked best:

No. 1.

Meet We No Angels?—
"Meet we no angels, Pansie?"—Thomas Ashe (David Rintoul).

Devices and Desires—
We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts."—Book of Common Prayer (Phoebe Pool).

All Temptation—
"He resisted all temptation,
. . . And remained an Englishman."—W. S. Gilbert (Margaret Wynne-Jones).

O Dark Hermaphrodite—
"A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frowning upon London's River."—Blake (Spatchcock).

Seven to One—
"In that day seven women shall take hold of one man."—Isaiah, iv, 1. (Enid G. Bach).

No. 2

Unpleasant Body—
A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body!—Dickens (Arnold Hyde).

Thin Red Cry—
"The thin red cry of murdered blood and bone
Piping in darkness to make murder known."—Masefield (C. Fraser).

The Gordian Knot—
"The Gordian knot he will unloose to you familiar as his garter."—Shakespeare (William Bliss).

Old Odd Ends—
"And thus I clothe my naked villany with old odd ends."—*Richard the Third*, Act 1, Scene 3 (Richard Pomfret).

No. 3 (very poor on the whole)

Kill All the Lawyers—
"First thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."—Shakespeare (Ralph Hodgson).

Beyond This Ride—
"Heaven and she are beyond this ride."—Browning (W. Leslie Nicholls).

Covenant with Death—
We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement.—Isaiah, xxviii, 15 (Pithecus).

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. After October. Tu. & Wed.

APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.

COLISEUM. The Desert Song. W., Th., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Spring Tide. Wed. & Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.

HIPPODROME. "Certainly, Sir!" Th., Sat.

MERCURY. Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Follow Your Saint. Wed. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' Wed., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Heroes Don't Care. Tu., Fri.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Wed. & Sat.

SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., W., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
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By RODNEY ACKLAND.

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THE FUGITIVES, by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
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WED., SEPT. 30, at 8.15. 1st Mat., Oct. 3, at 2.30.
NO ORDINARY LADY. By Louis Verneuil.
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No. 4

Cage of Perilous Dreams—
"Out of the grey-brown streams
Came this perilous body, cage of perilous dreams."—Gerald Gould (Guy Innes).

There is Nothing—
"For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so."—Shakespeare (Frederick J. Lewis).

Unopened Bales—
"Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun."—Young (Enid G. Bach).

No. 5

Blows so Red—
"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled."—Omar Khayyam (Robert Gaffikin).

Hungry Sheep—
"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."—Milton. (Arnold Geay).

And Hammers!—
"Mechanic slaves with greasy aprons, rules, and hammers."—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, Scene 2. (Richard Pomfret).

No. 6

Duce—
"'The duce take it,' said my Uncle Toby."—Sterne (Arnold Geay).

Strong Instincts—
"A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules."—Wordsworth (Arnold Hyde).

Speak Hands!—
"Speak, hands, for me!"—Shakespeare (Alan R. Thomas).

So Many Eagles—
"And the flags, And the trumpets, And so many eagles."—T. S. Eliot (Narcissa Wood).

That is all I have room to quote, and I think they are fairly representative. On the whole, I should like the two prizes to be evenly divided between the six following persons: R. C. H., Shem, W. Leslie Nicholls, Richard Pomfret, Pithecus, and Enid G. Bach. R. C. H. and Shem were the nearest to a winning level, but they were just not good enough to cut out the other four. Unfortunately there is only space to print the first two in full.

(1)

(1) "Puppets Dallying"—
"I could interpret between you and your love if I could see the puppets dallying."—*Hamlet*.

(2) "Hands Apt"—
"Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing."—*Hamlet*.

(3) "Blood Will Have Blood"—
"It will have blood, they say, blood will have blood."—*Macbeth*.

(4) "Amorous Flavio"—
"At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone."—Pope.

(5) "Dreaming Saints"—
"A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed.
Of the old, true, enthusiastic breed."—Dryden.

(6) "Honour More"—
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more."—Lovelace. R. C. H.

(2)

(1) "Sailing Partners"—
"I am not his mistress; we are sailing Partners."—*The Island of the Articoles*. Maurois, Trans. Garnett (D).

(2) "Clapperdudgeon"—
"It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon to strike a man in the streete."—George A. Greene, *The Pinner of Wakefield*.

(3) "As Good as Ajax"—
"Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive."—Cymbeline.

(4) "Tender of Their Fame"—
"The doctors tender of their fame
Wisely on me lay all the blame."—Swift.

(5) "Spark from Fire"—
"Like spark from fire, its task happily achieved
It falls quietly away."—Spender, *The Funeral*.

(6) "Boys They Beat"—
"The ingenious fouls like boys they beat at school
Soon learn to recognise a Despot's rule." "SHEM"

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

(*Maximum 15 points*).

1. In what works of fiction do the following characters appear: (1) Edward Casaubon; (2) Chester Coote; (3) Lewis Dodd; (4) Captain Costigan; (5) Helen Schlegel; (6) Countess de Saldar; (7) Denry Machin; (8) Mr. Oldbuck.

2. Arrange the following in order of their proximity to the North Pole: Chicago, Moscow, Paris, Philadelphia, Prague, Vladivostock.

3. The following are the years of birth and death of seven well-known "men of action." Who are they?

(1) 1602–1661
(2) 1650–1722
(3) 1732–1818
(4) 1744–1793
(5) 1759–1806
(6) 1769–1822
(7) 1807–1882

4. Supply the missing words in the following:

(1) "Be opposite with a kinsman; surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of ——; she thus advises thee, that sighs for thee."

(2) "The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as ——; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power."

(3) "Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the —— of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies."

(4) "I durst go no farther than the Lie ——, nor he durst not give me the Lie ——; and so we measured swords, and parted."

5. With what sports or games are the following terms connected?

(1) An eagle; (2) a rouge; (3) a capot; (4) *en passant*; (5) the dedans.

To competitors.—The above set of questions is purely experimental. I shall be glad to have competitors' criticisms or suggestions.

PROBLEM 194.—THE FOURTH 'PHONE NUMBER

The clue is "the so-called *Seventeenth* International."
1/17 as a decimal fraction is:

·0588	2352	9411	7647
(*a*)	(*b*)	(*c*)	(*d*)

Now—
(*d*) the first 'phone number discovered was Dreadnought 7647,
(*c*) the second was Plaistow —— 11
(*b*) the third was Maryland 2 —— 2.
Hence it is a reasonable deduction that the fourth (*a*) is

WHITECHAPEL 0588.

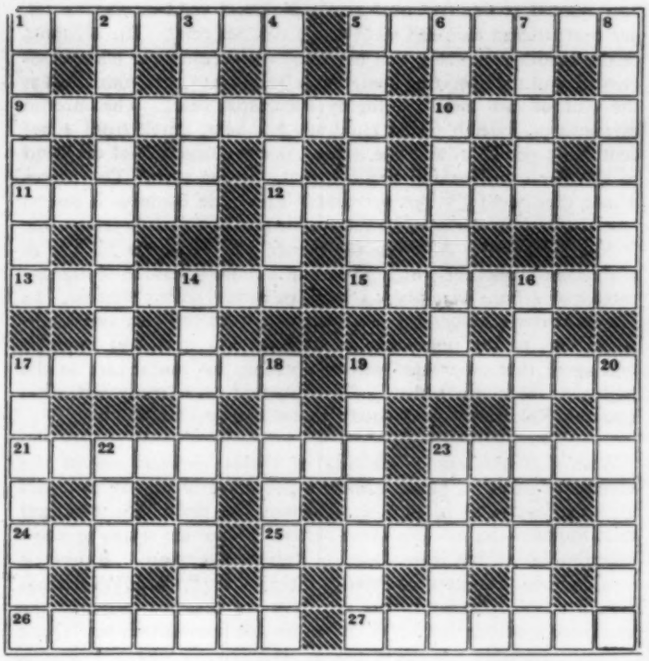
PROBLEM 193.—ANOTHER ARTHURIAN LEGEND

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: M. Cassel, 42 College Place, N.W.1.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 342

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. Hession, Brooklands, Yearsley Bridge, Huntington Road, York.

ACROSS

1. Appliances for domestic letter delivery.
5. 'Varsity man says that Ian is under the bull.
9. Footwork on time.
10. Is hot outside.
11. A stout antithesis.
12. It's a bright idea to have little weight when one is in a hurry.
13. Gives one a pain in a colourful setting.
15. How a woman makes light of herself perhaps.
17. Study the train in order to muddle things up.
19. Vaulted, most puzzling.
21. One may drink Black & White from it.
23. Lower form of equine encouragement.
24. General Officer Commanding Seville.
25. Money making name for the gas ring?
26. Sectional dividers as it were.
27. I sail on to join up.

DOWN

1. The horse puts his back into his work.
2. Rail transport for the dead?
3. Trying writing.
4. How the drapers fought.
5. His object is to stop motion.
6. Those who are no doubt have a far away look.
7. Polish confection?
8. Ate into the monkey food.
14. Do boys spin them on the roof?
16. Where Father Thames hails from.
17. Hearty shell fish.
18. Their smallest limit of width is a hair.
19. Letters to start with.
20. The lord can put about even when he is fuddled.
22. The Royal Welch Fusiliers do not have it in the pan.
23. Wine in which one can pledge a sailor with "Cheerio Jack."

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	N	U	F	F	E	R	■	L	A	C	E	R	T	A
L	■	N	■	I	■	I	■	A	■	O	■	O	■	R
O	R	D	E	R	E	D	■	W	A	R	R	A	N	T
P	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	N	■	O	■	D	■	I
I	D	R	I	A	■	S	O	M	E	T	I	M	E	S
N	■	G	■	L	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	A	■	T
G	O	O	D	A	S	N	E	W	■	M	A	P	L	E
■	■	■	■	R	■	O	■	E	■	A	■	■	■	■
C	H	A	R	M	■	T	U	R	N	S	T	I	L	E
O	■	N	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	T	■	N	■	N
R	E	D	P	E	P	P	E	R	■	E	A	S	E	D
O	■	A	■	X	■	A	■	A	■	R	■	T	■	L
N	O	N	S	T	O	P	■	C	O	M	P	A	R	E
E	■	T	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	A	■	N	■	S
T	H	E	F	A	I	R	■	D	E	N	O	T	E	S

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BRITISH EMPIRE GROUP

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2. Certificate Holders will be entitled to convene meetings to consider the affairs of the Trust.
3. Certificate Holders will have the power at such meetings to appoint the Auditors.
4. Meetings of Certificate Holders can give directions to the Managers as to Voting Rights on underlying securities.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

INDIA STOCKS—THE L.C.C. "STAG"—RALEIGH CYCLE—DUNLOP RUBBER AND BRITISH TYRE & RUBBER

It was clever of the Viceroy of India, in his address to both Houses of the Legislature, to contrast his peaceful constitutional Empire with the warlike dictatorships of Europe—"each arming feverishly against a possible crisis that all fear and none desire." Many investors will conclude that money is safer to-day in India than in Europe. They will not be frightened by Lord Linlithgow's initiation of the great "experiment in representative self-government." They will remember that the Viceroy is charged with the special responsibility of safeguarding "financial stability and credit." If they are holders of India Government loans they will know that the debt service is to be a charge on the revenues of the Federation, that the greater part of the Federal Budget is to be "reserved" expenditure which may not be submitted to the vote of the Legislature, and that over 60 per cent. of the tax revenues are collected by the Federal Government in the shape of Customs duties at the ports. In other words, the Indian politician or agitator will not be able to assail the security of the Government loans. There is, therefore, good reason to believe that during Lord Linlithgow's term of office the status of India Government loans will be held at a high level. The Government has already borrowed internally this year on a 2¾ per cent. twelve-to-sixteen year basis—its lowest rate of interest on record.

* * *

Politics apart, the export of dis-hoarded gold has enabled the India Government to build up considerable cash reserves in London. The service of the sterling Government loans requires about 37.2 crores a year (372,000,000 rupees) and the excess of exports over imports in the year to March 31st, 1936 (305,500,000 rupees), just failed to cover it. The export of gold from private hoards in the same period, however, was 364,000,000 rupees. As the following table will show, the balance of payments in the last three years has been greatly in India's favour:

INDIA'S BALANCE OF PAYMENTS
(Figures from *Indian Finance*)

	1933/34.	1934/35.	1935/36.
	(in millions of rupees).		
Balance of Merchandise ..	+356.7	+234.2	+305.5
Transactions in Treasure ..	+572.3	+525.3	+363.7
Service of Loans and other payments abroad	−614.0	−497.8	−464.5
Net balance of payments ..	+315.0	+261.7	+204.7

I am not suggesting that India Government loans should be bought—for the slight improvement in yield it is hardly worth while exchanging from British Government loans to India—but the optimism of Lord Linlithgow and the cheerfulness of the statistics should encourage holders of India Government loans to sit tight. The market, however, might be watched for offers of the guaranteed Indian railway stocks, which afford more attractive yields. The following are available at the moment:—

		Price.	Red. on or after.	Flat Yield %.	Red. Yield %.
£2,500	South Indian Railway 4% debenture	103½*	July 1, 1945	£3. 17. 9	£3. 12. 3
£1,000	Bengal Nagpur 4% debenture ..	103½*	Jan. 1, 1944	£3. 17. 9	£3. 11. 0

* Free of Stamp.

In each case the interest is guaranteed by the Secretary of State for India.

* * *

The Socialist L.C.C. has restored its popularity in the City by offering this week the best gilt-edged "stag" of the year—£10 millions of 3 per cent. stock 1956–61 at 99. When the L.C.C. issued at par in January 1935 its ill-fated 2¾ per cent. loan 1960–70 (now quoted at 96) the gilt-edged market stood higher than it does to-day. Nevertheless, a 3 per cent. medium-dated L.C.C. loan at 99 is a gift, seeing that the best Home Corporation 3 per cent. loans are quoted at 101–2, and that the gilt-edged market is in a fine technical condition to absorb a new issue. The only trouble I see is (*a*) that the issue will be over-stagged, and (*b*) that before the calls have been paid up in October, November and December, the franc crisis will be upon us and the market in a flutter over devaluation. Ignoring outside alarms the new L.C.C. 3 per cent. loan should settle down eventually at 102.

* * *

In February, 1934, the public were offered 5 per cent. participating preference shares at 21*s.* and ordinary shares at 25*s.* in Raleigh Cycle Holdings, Limited. The City Fathers raised their eyebrows at the amount which Sir Harold Bowden was "cashing in" and cold-shouldered the issue, which they considered dear. I questioned at the time the City's judgment on the preference shares and later pointed out the attractions of the ordinary shares. Last year Raleigh Cycle Holdings earned 24½ per cent. on the ordinary shares and paid 15 per cent. The ordinary shares are now quoted at 61*s.* 6*d.* and give a dividend yield of £4 17*s.* 6*d.* per cent. and an earnings yield of £7 19*s.* per cent. The accounts of the holding company will not be available until the end of December, but the operating company is believed to have concluded at the end of last month a highly successful year. The interim dividend of Raleigh Cycle Holdings has been raised from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. and the market is expecting a final dividend of 12½ per cent. making 17½ per cent. for the year. The shares would then yield £5 13*s.* per cent. The cycle business is not so speculative as motor cars, for the simple reason that the cycle public is less "flighty." A motor-car owner will exchange his car at any time for another which gives him a more streamlined luggage carrier or a horn that plays a tune, or a new colour scheme. In the cycle trade, price and roadworthiness are the only considerations. As to the popularity of cycling, any week-end motorist will agree that soon there will be no room for motor cars on the highways near big towns. As compared with most industrial equities, Raleigh Cycle ordinary shares appear cheap.

* * *

Statistical Assistant: Talking of cycles reminds me of the veterinary surgeon, professionally a preventer of cruelty to dumb animals, James Dunlop, who invented the pneumatic tyre and thus founded the modern cycle industry. No one seems to know anything about the huge Dunlop Rubber Company. Indeed, it is unique in the fact that there is virtually no "inside" information available. Possibly the directors are discreet, possibly the company is so big that the directors do not know anything. Quite recently Dunlops cut their prices, and the £1 ordinary shares, which have been a curious market throughout the year, have fallen to 34*s.* 6*d.* The 10 per cent. "C" preference shares of 16*s.* seem well covered, but fell last week to 30*s.*, and now yield nearly 5½ per cent. The ordinary shares are distinctly unpopular in many quarters. Even some of the Fixed Trusts, which rely on big names in their investment portfolio to sell their units, do not hold them. Unkind people will recall that Dunlops have made grave errors in the past in purchasing their raw material. The Rubber Restriction Scheme, however, appears to be working smoothly and the price of rubber has been reasonably stable, so that the scope for making further mistakes in the rubber market is much more circumscribed. Moreover, the Dunlop Rubber Company has followed in recent years a much sounder financial policy. At the same time I believe that, industrial recovery apart, the company is steadily losing tyre business, on which it largely depends, to its smaller competitors, that its profit margin is contracting, and that efficient management of so large a business must be exceedingly difficult. I cannot bring myself to recommend the shares at 34*s.* 6*d.* to yield £4 12*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on last year's dividend of 8 per cent., and £5 11*s.* per cent. on the disclosed earnings of 9.6 per cent.

Toreador: Allowing for the fact that you have probably imbibed some of the market bias against the shares, there seems to be a case for exchanging from Dunlop Rubber into Raleigh Cycle Holdings.

* * *

Statistical Assistant: Or into British Tyre and Rubber £1 ordinary shares at 41*s.*? This company originally acquired from the American Goodrich their manufacturing and selling rights throughout the British Empire, excluding Canada. It no longer manufactures Goodrich tyres, but has acquired control of the India Rubber, Gutta Percha and Telegraph Works and other rubber manufacturing companies. The profits of British Tyre and Rubber have been steadily rising in recent years, in spite of the trouble and expenses caused by the reorganisation of their controlled companies, and in the year to September 30th, 1935, earnings of 14.6 per cent. were shown on the ordinary shares and a dividend of 9½ per cent. was paid. For the current year, ending this month, an increase in the dividend is possible. Motor car tyres account for only about 10 per cent. of the company's total business, as compared with perhaps 70 per cent. in the case of the Dunlop Rubber. A yield of £4 11*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on 1934/35 dividends and of £8 13*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on 1934/35 earnings, makes British Tyre and Rubber ordinary shares at 41*s.* distinctly attractive.

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